SABER RATTLING OVER IRAN

The Nation.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
The Editors
Alexander Cockburn

MAY DAY, MAY DAY
Saurav Sarkar

HOW *OPAL MEHTA* GOT PLUGGED
Stuart Klawans

AFGHAN WOMEN VS. WARLORDS
Ann Jones

DISCOVERY/ *THE NATION* POETRY PRIZE

May 22, 2006
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THE MOTHERHOOD MANIFESTO
by JOAN BLADES & KRISTIN ROWE-FINKBEINER

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LETTERS

ARCHANGELS & MARTIANS...

Rancho Cucamonga, Calif.

■ Patricia J. Williams's delightful piece about visitors from another world ["A Short History of the Pads of Brillo," May 1] should include apologies to Mark Twain and his "Letters From the Earth." The archangels have visited us before and have found humans equally perplexing.

SAM CHANDLER

WILLIAMS REPLIES

New York City

■ I wasn't channeling Mark Twain but Douglas Adams's *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Didn't the reference to Beeblebrox make that apparent? But Twain or Adams, Martians or me, the noblest authorial stance in these times is outer space, no question. PATRICIA J. WILLIAMS

TINY COMFORTS

Rochester, NY

■ I am enjoying *The Nation* very much. After going through the introductory issues, I decided to subscribe. Depositing my check in the envelope I noticed something I had not seen in years. In the corner where the stamp goes it said "No postage necessary if mailed in the United States." I cannot describe the feeling of nostalgia and satisfaction coming from that tiny phrase. I felt that I really was still living in the good old USA, and that things will turn around for the little guy if only we as one people shrug off our apathy and participate, starting with this year's Congressional elections. It's amazing what one little phrase can do. Thanks for one tiny comfort.

A. PAUL HOGAN

I meant to change that to "No postage necessary if mailed in a blue state (or France)."

—ART STUPAR, *vice president, circulation*

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO COKE

Atlanta

■ In "The Case Against Coca-Cola" [May 1] Michael Blanding expends some 3,000 words recounting tired, unsubstantiated allegations against The Coca-Cola Company. In all those words, there are about 150 of response from Coca-Cola, a disappointing but not surprising lack of balance that would make even Fox News blush. While *The Nation* is more about point of view than point of fact, it is still worth noting:

§ Of the approximately 440,000 workers in the Coca-Cola system (including workers at majority-owned entities and independent Coca-Cola bottlers) about 144,000 are represented by unions.

§ In Colombia, where fewer than 4 percent of workers are union members, about 31 percent of workers in independent Coca-Cola bottling plants are represented by one of the twelve unions with which the Colombian Coca-Cola bottlers have ongoing normal relations.

§ The International Union of Food, Agricultural, Hotel, Restaurant, Catering, Tobacco and Allied Workers Associations (IUF), the global federation of unions that represents the majority of union workers in the Coca-Cola system, unanimously rejected the call for a Coca-Cola boycott. In its rejection the IUF said, "Sweeping, unsubstantiated allegations and assertions of the type found in the boycott appeal do nothing to help the cause of the unions that organize and represent Coca-Cola workers around the world, the majority of which are members of the IUF."

§ Among other unions not supporting the boycott are SICO, SINALTRAINBEC, Asotragaseosas and CUT (the National Federation of Trade Unions), all in Colombia.

§ In Britain a motion to boycott Coca-Cola on college campuses was overwhelmingly defeated in a vote at the National Union of Students' (NUS) annual conference in March.

§ Individual trade unions, Amicus, TGWU and GMB, as well as the umbrella organization for UK trade unions, the TUC, do not support the call for a boycott. In an open joint letter to NUS delegates the general secretaries of the trade unions wrote: "Since the first call to boycott Coca-Cola over Colombia was issued in 2003, the UK trade union movement has investigated and monitored the situation closely.... Since 2003, no evidence has been provided to link Coca-Cola to the assassination of its workers in Colombia. We do not believe that a boycott of Coca-Cola would contribute in any way to saving lives or achieving a just and lasting peace in Colombia."

§ In India company- and franchisee-owned bottling operations directly employ nearly 6,000 people and indirectly create employment for 125,000 more in related procurement, supply and distribution roles. Virtually all the goods and services required to produce and market Coca-Cola products locally are made in India, insuring that the benefits of the employment impact of our system remain in the local communities in which plants operate.

§ The Coca-Cola Company has been cited by leading Indian business magazines as one of the most respected companies in the country. Our operations in India have been recognized by government officials and Indian and other nongovernmental organizations for philanthropic initiatives and contributions to community development and achievements in environmental management, water conservation and pollution control. For three consecutive years Coca-Cola plants in India have won the prestigious Golden Peacock Environmental Management Award for environmental practices from the Institute of Directors, which grants the award in association with the World Environmental Foundation. Coca-Cola has received recognition from the Indian Red Cross for its environmental programs. In 2005 the Confederation of Indian Industries (CII) recognized the Hindustan Coca-Cola Kaladera plant as a Water Efficient Unit across industries at the National Award for Excellence in Water Management. The Kaladera plant also won the Innovative Project Award for its contribution to reduction in specific water consumption.

At Coca-Cola we recognize our responsibility and accountability to workers throughout our system and to the communities in which we operate. We are eager for constructive engagement with parties sincerely interested in helping us advance global workplace rights and environmental stewardship. Collaboration and cooperation of the type we are engaged in with the International Labor Organization for evaluation of workers' rights practices in Colombia and with the Energy and Resources Institute for assessment of water stewardship practices in India are far more likely to advance the interests of all parties than the confrontation unfortunately favored by Ray Rogers and Terry Collingsworth.

ED POTTER, *director*
Global Labor Relations
The Coca-Cola Company

Berkeley, Calif.

■ To learn more about the case against Coca-Cola, see the report at our website. Rob Harris and Tovin Lapan, students at the UC, Berkeley, Graduate School of Journalism, went to Colombia to investigate charges that Coke was complicit in the murder and repression of union leaders (www.pbs.org/frontlineworld/fellows/colombia0106/).

STEPHEN TALBOT
FRONTLINE/World

Chandler, Ariz.

■ I was shocked by Michael Blanding's information on Coca-Cola's repressive labor practices in underdeveloped countries. Does Pepsi have a better track record? If so, I will switch from Coke to Pepsi. WARREN LITTLEFORD

BLANDING REPLIES

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

■ I spoke at length with Ed Potter in preparing my story, and where he provided credible counter-arguments to the allegations against Coca-Cola, I included them. However, most of the defenses he provided—many repeated

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PRINTED MAY 3

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EDITORIALS

Saber Rattling Over Iran

In the run-up to the Iraq War, the Bush Administration proved remarkably adept at the art of "diplomacy" for war. Now the White House seems to be using the same game plan for Iran. It is exaggerating the threat Iran poses, is making demands that go beyond Iran's treaty obligations and is now pushing for a UN Security Council resolution that would impose sanctions and other punishments. The Administration has created a premature crisis that is distracting public attention from Iraq but is also stiffening Iran's defiance and maybe even accelerating its efforts to enrich uranium.

The White House strategy so far has played into the hands of Iran's radical regime. It is not clear how much power President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad actually has. But the Administration's threats against Iran—including talk of "regime change" and its refusal to rule out using tactical nuclear weapons—have helped Ahmadinejad distract attention from his broken economic promises and have bolstered his sagging popularity. The leaders of both countries seem to be pursuing, for their own political and ideological purposes, a reckless game of chicken that could end in disaster not only for the two countries but for the Persian Gulf region, perhaps even the world.

Some Democrats may be tempted to run to the right of Bush on the issue of Iran's nuclear program. If they do, they will only deepen the unfolding crisis and make it hard to resist a future White House request to Congress for the authority to use force. The better strategy would be to return the question of Iran's nuclear program to the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) and to engage Iran in regional diplomacy to prevent a widening civil war in Iraq. Engaging Iran would not be an endorsement of its regime but would appeal to its interest in bringing more stability to the region. There are three reasons for pursuing this diplomatic approach.

First, Iran's nuclear program does not pose a threat to US security or international peace and is not likely to for many years. This month Iran announced that it had successfully enriched uranium to 4.8 percent. But enrichment to 90 percent is required for nuclear-weapons-grade material, and Tehran's announcement did nothing to alter independent expert opinion that Iran is five to ten years from being able to build a weapon, a view shared by US intelligence agencies. So there is plenty of time for the IAEA to gauge Iran's compliance with the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. Iran may very well have nuclear weapons ambitions—or the ambition to acquire the capability to build such weapons—but at this point neither the United States nor the international community has solid evidence of a covert weapons program. Indeed, IAEA inspections so far have supported Iran's argument that it does not (although the latest IAEA report draws attention to Iran's refusal to answer some questions). And without solid evidence, other important powers whose cooperation is needed, like China and Russia, will not support Washington's call for sanctions or endorse its coercive diplomacy.

Second, the continued use of coercive diplomacy to curtail Iran's nuclear program will only strengthen its hard-line regime and solidify Iranian public opinion behind a national goal of obtaining nuclear weapons. Washington should realize that threatening Iran with sanctions and military attacks strengthens Iranian hard-liners' case for nuclear weapons. It also allows them to tap into a deep national reservoir of historical grievances against the United States and the West. American efforts to deny Iran what neighboring countries, including Israel and Pakistan, already have can be portrayed as yet another injustice at the hands of Washington. Thus, the more the United States pushes Iran to stop uranium enrichment, the more it is likely to turn the nuclear issue into a cause that's all about defending the country's sovereignty and dignity. In contrast, involving Iran in a regional discussion about

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The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the third week of July through the second week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2006 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. Publications Mail Agreement No: 40041477. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to Circulation Dept. or DPGM, 4960-2 Walker Road, Windsor, ON N9A 6J3. **When ordering a subscription, please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($6 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

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stabilizing the Persian Gulf could go a long way toward satisfying Iran's pride and diminishing its appetite for nukes.

Finally, Iran is poised to complicate the already difficult position of US forces in Iraq. Iran has as much or more influence with the main Shiite factions in the Iraqi government as Washington, and Shiite support for a national unity government will be critical to preventing a widening civil war. American forces are highly vulnerable to Iranian-sponsored guerrilla warfare in Iraq and Afghanistan. Indeed, Iran has good reason to believe it could prevail in an extended conflict by encouraging Shiite attacks on US forces and by driving up oil prices to well over $100 a barrel by threatening shipping and oil facilities in the Persian Gulf. It makes no sense for the Administration to threaten Iran when we're so vulnerable to Iranian retaliation. It is simply unrealistic to expect Iran not to take advantage of our vulnerabilities when Washington is pushing sanctions and apparently preparing for regime change and military strikes.

Good statecraft is about creating the conditions that expand the choices for peace and security. By hardening Iran's national resolve around its nuclear program, the Administration is narrowing the choices to war or capitulation. Saner voices must offer an alternative to the Administration's endgame: an alternative that recognizes that the international community has time to deal with Iran's nuclear ambitions and also that we must address legitimate Iranian security concerns, taking seriously the idea of a region free of all weapons of mass destruction. This larger vision would require the United States to be willing to give up its own nuclear option, and thus won't be realized overnight. But this is the kind of diplomacy we should demand of our national leaders, not diplomacy that leads to more war and instability.

John Kenneth Galbraith

John Kenneth Galbraith, who died on April 29 at 97, was physically (at 6' 8") and intellectually imposing. Surveying his lengthy life, one comes upon facts that seem fresh discoveries only to realize they were famous achievements stored in the boxes of other eras.

Some things you may have forgotten or never known about Ken Galbraith: This humane, civilized, witty man was the nation's price czar during World War II and then a journalist with Henry Luce's *Fortune*. With the State Department he directed the postwar US Strategic Bombing Survey, which concluded that the Allied saturation-bombing campaign had negligible success. He was a power player in Democratic politics who had the ear of John Kennedy in the heady days of the New Frontier. As Kennedy's Ambassador to India he played a major role in cooling the war between India and China. He helped formulate LBJ's Great Society programs. He wrote an amazing *oeuvre* of forty-eight books, some of them bestsellers.

His biographer, Richard Parker, a member of our editorial board, insists Galbraith might best be remembered not as a New Dealer or an old-line liberal or a leading Keynesian but as a "contrarian," an independent thinker. He had, Parker points out, more arguments with other Keynesians than he ever did

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COMMENT

with his real nemesis, Milton Friedman. He complained that liberals had no new ideas; they just filed away the old ones and resorted to "emptying out the drawers" on demand.

He saw himself as a *political* economist. He once advised Kennedy not to listen to professional economists' advice but to follow his own political instincts. Primarily he was a student of corporate power, which in *The New Industrial State* (1967) he warned was slowly overwhelming American society.

His prose was elegant and lucid. He believed an economist's job was to elucidate the issues of the day and point out the paths to the good society. In the epigraph for *The Affluent Society* (1958) he quoted a colleague that "the economist, like everyone else, must concern himself with the ultimate aims of man." In that book he criticized the national obsession with private consumerism and indifference to the public sphere. But he was also imagining how government could be used to create a better world for all.

The Iraq War repelled him, of course. After all, he had almost single-handedly fought the hawks around Kennedy who advocated sending troops to South Vietnam. From the start he had foreseen that the Vietnam War would overheat the US economy and undermine the New Frontier's social programs (see Richard Parker, "Galbraith and Vietnam," March 14, 2005).

The problems he identified are still with us—the dominant privatism and public neglect of a now shakily affluent society, the "democracy of the fortunate," the excessive corporate power confronted by the ever weaker countervailing power of labor—only they are now hailed as virtues by neocons. As Washington correspondent William Greider wrote last year, "When the right's rigid ideology falters and breaks down...Americans will need an explanation for what went wrong. They can read Galbraith."

We're honored that Galbraith was a Nation Associate, often enclosing a personal note with his contribution to the magazine. In February he sent what would be his last one. He closed: "Continue. Do not relent. Without 'The Nation' the worst in the nation would have some slight added protection. It is for this I contribute, not mass enlightenment."

He died peacefully, telling his doctor before he sank into a coma: "I've had enough now." It had been a wonderfully full and productive life.

COMMENT

May Day, May Day

Chicago

"It's great because the Pandora's Box is open, and you can't close it," says 30-year-old Jerry (who requested that his last name be withheld). The black Chicagoan stands outside the sandwich shop where he works, and snaps pictures as hundreds of thousands of Mexican, Polish and other immigrants and their supporters stream by, chanting and occasionally throwing up a deafening roar that rebounds among the skyscrapers of downtown Chicago. An official police estimate placed the crowd at about 400,000, while organizers at the rally announced a figure of 700,000.

On the 120th anniversary of the Haymarket Riot, the birthplace of May Day witnessed a demonstration unprecedented in size for the city—part of the nationwide demonstrations, strikes, human chains, economic boycotts, student walkouts and other forms of protest for immigrants' rights. Chants of "Bush, escucha, estamos en la lucha!" "Amnistía!" and occasionally "USA! USA!" were heard, not "The Internationale." The march culminated in a rally at Grant Park, where throngs of people lined the sides of the bowl-shaped space while others filled the muddy infields of the park's baseball diamonds to try to catch words from the speakers, to rest after their several-mile trek or, in some cases, to do the Wave.

Marching through Chicago's downtown behind the banner of UNITE HERE Chicago and Midwest Region, union members chanted "Qué Queremos? Amnistía...Y Cuándo, cuándo, cuándo? Ahora, Ahora, Ahora." Before, during and after the event, others voiced demands for respect, amnesty or legalization and an end to deportations.

One marcher, Ricardo Mayorga, a 20-year-old born in the States who has also lived in Mexico, said he wants "not just green cards, not just visas, but citizenship," and that the government should "stop taking people out of the country."

Undocumented José, translated through his 13-year-old daughter, Jessica, said he was there so people would "respect us and give us amnesty."

Taraq, a 30-year-old undocumented Pole, said that "something needs to change. Now it is a disaster."

The sentiments of the undocumented reflect both a sense of urgency and a need to address the lack of workplace rights, travel restrictions, deportations, racism and the other problems they face. Despite the recent flurry of legislative activity, their concerns do not figure centrally in Washington's calculations. The House would make felons of the undocumented and criminalize those who assist them. The Senate proposal currently on the table creates a legalization process for many undocumented workers, but it is a tiered system that would deny green cards and adequate workplace rights to millions, while expanding jailings and deportations within the United States and at the border.

Nationally, advocates are taking a variety of positions on the proposed legislation, from calls to amend it to outright rejection and demands for more substantive proposals. As of April 27 some 100 advocacy groups had endorsed a statement put together by National Network of Immigrant and Refugee Rights: "Despite the loud and determined voice of immigrant communities, advocates and supporters for fair and just immigration reform this year, we have yet to see an acceptable proposal from Congress." And, the statement warned, the Senate-House reconciliation process will "likely produce laws that would detrimentally affect current and future immigrants for years to come."

Meanwhile, immigrants—and more and more frequently, those who come as allies—continue to show up in the streets of Chicago, Los Angeles, Denver, Phoenix and other cities.

Ahmed Aduib, a 20-year-old Palestinian-American student

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and counselor, came down to Chicago with three of his brothers and other members of his Bridgeview mosque to express this growing sense of solidarity with the undocumented Latino immigrants who have formed the heart of these mobilizations.

"We're showing that minorities aren't too small—we're together." SAURAV SARKAR

Saurav Sarkar (sauravsarkar2000@gmail.com) is a freelance writer and immigrants' rights activist living in Brooklyn, New York.

Sloppy Seconds

"The less developed the characters, the less they can be copyrighted; that is the penalty an author must bear for marking them too indistinctly." So wrote Judge Learned Hand in his landmark decision in *Nichols v. Universal Pictures Corp.* (1930), ruling that the author of *Abie's Irish Rose* could not make the charge of plagiarism stick against the producers of *The Cohens and The Kellys*. A mere "idea" (the scare quotes are Judge Hand's) may be borrowed by anyone, along with stock figures, characters "so faintly indicated as to be no more than stage properties" and "low comedy of the most conventional sort."

This simple principle has figured nowhere in the press coverage of Kaavya Viswanathan's novel *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life* and its similarities to a pair of now canonical texts, Megan McCafferty's *Sloppy Firsts* and *Second Helpings*. Within the space of one week, by my count, the *New York Times* alone devoted seven news articles to this matter—one of them on the front page—plus a wire-service pick-up, brief discussions in two feature pieces and four letters to the editor. The brevity of life prevents me from reading deeply in this controversy (or "controversy," as Judge Hand would perhaps have written); but I can tell you that at the *Times*, only the letter-writers bothered to remark the obvious. This is a story about clichés and stereotypes passing from one subliterary commercial product to another.

So what makes the *Opal Mehta* case such a thirsty blotter for news ink? The word "Harvard" may have something to do with it. I suppose Ms. Viswanathan would not have gotten so much attention as a student at Tufts—or, for that matter, if she were named Carla Nathan. Wild speculation on my part, of course; but maybe newspaper readers take special interest in the affairs of celebrity universities, and in the overreachings of the dark-skinned and ambitious. Maybe—an even wilder speculation—newspaper editors don't mind encouraging such interest.

But then, it isn't as if Ms. Viswanathan had tried to get away with copying *The Recognitions*. The real scandal, to my mind, is that trade book publishers in the aggregate now commit themselves almost wholeheartedly to the *Second Helpings* and their equivalent, and that American newspapers don't mind encouraging them. Witness the *Times*'s own bestseller list in hardcover fiction. Out of fifteen titles, you've got *The Da Vinci Code* (not plagiarized from *Holy Blood, Holy Grail*!), three other "contributions to the da Vinci industry" (as *Publishers Weekly* delicately calls them), seven units of suspense by brand-name writers and a couple of happily-ever-after tales by women's authors too venerable for the chick-lit label. The nonfiction list is admittedly more substantive. James Frey has been purged.

So great is the will to evade these tawdry facts that even when the press exposes them—as the *Times* did, to its credit, in an article on the role of book-packaging firms—the story must end with avowals all around of the blamelessness of publishing companies. The full weight of culpability must fall instead on the author, who has failed to provide sufficient originality for an industry that wants none. By serving as the latest unwilling, moralized distraction from this round of same-old, Ms. Viswanathan has not damaged today's trade publishers but actually done them a service. That, too, ought to be obvious—but I doubt it will be a subject for finger-wagging, until someone's caught plagiarizing a balance sheet. STUART KLAWANS

CALVIN TRILLIN

CHENEY AT THE PUMP

When it behooved Dick Cheney to devise
A policy on energy, some guys
In oil with whom Dick Cheney has close ties
All gathered at the White House to advise.
Presumably, they showed up in disguise:
Their names, though fairly easy to surmise,
Were kept, by Dick, more secret than some spies'.
So as the price of gas achieves new highs
And cries from all the working folks arise,
These very guys upon whom Dick relies—
The good oil boys he sought to deputize,
The ones from whom our policy derives—
Are making out like bandits, profit-wise.
Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise.

CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS: Using the insidious pretense of the "unitary executive," George W. Bush has renounced two centuries of American democracy, violating the rights of citizens and brutalizing our system of checks and balances. If you have any doubt that this is a time of crisis, read Charlie Savage's frightening (and undercovered) story in the April 30 *Boston Globe*. It documents an accumulating pattern of presidential lawlessness. Here's one way to "nationalize" the 2006 elections: Demand that all candidates defend the Constitution. Defending our country means defending not only our physical safety but our Constitution from White House attacks. KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

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What Makes Us American?

Explore the traits that define our national character through the lives of 48 remarkable Americans

Thomas Jefferson, Al Capone, and Betty Friedan may not seem to have much in common, but the President, the Crime Boss, and the Feminist are just a sample of the notable Americans with distinctively American traits that you will meet in these 48 fascinating lectures on **The American Identity.**

Emory University historian Patrick N. Allitt gives you a panoramic tour of our national character by profiling a variety of Americans—rich and poor, male and female, immigrant and native, religious and secular—whose lives speak eloquently about the qualities that make one truly American.

You will meet Benjamin Franklin, Abigail Adams, Frederick Douglass, Louisa May Alcott, Brigham Young, Helen Keller, Henry Ford, and dozens of others including soldiers, politicians, inventors, explorers, artists, intellectuals, humanitarians, and religious leaders.

There are many examples of how these individuals embody distinctly American traits. For example:

Energetic Approaches to Problem-solving: Benjamin Franklin was inspired by a firewood shortage in Philadelphia to invent a more efficient source of heat: the Franklin stove. His clever marketing campaign for the invention displays another American characteristic: boundless self-confidence.

Devotion to Religious Liberty: The Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, which Thomas Jefferson drafted in 1786, was one of his proudest accomplishments, which he classed even above his two terms as president of the United States. The statute was the foundation for the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution.

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Benjamin Franklin

About Your Professor

Dr. Patrick N. Allitt is Professor of History at Emory University. An English native, he received his B.A. from Oxford University and Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley. He won the Emory Center for Teaching and Curriculum's Excellence in Teaching Award.

AudioFile magazine marveled that Professor Allitt's "skill at weaving fascinating details about his subjects into the narrative makes us forget we're being lectured to. ... Let this teacher demonstrate the joy of learning to you."

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In Fact . . .

JANE JACOBS

■ Roberta Brandes Gratz and Stephen A. Goldsmith, co-founders of The Center for the Living City at Purchase College, write: On the Crime Prevention Through Environmental Design website is a tribute to author and urban activist Jane Jacobs, who died April 24. Central to this organization's international workshops on creating policeable places is the concept of "eyes on the street," a term coined by Jacobs in the first of her nine books, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (1961). In the clear, accessible language that is one of Jacobs's trademarks, "eyes on the street" illustrates how the safest streets have a multiplicity of uses—as many as possible—that draw many people for different purposes all day and evening. The application of "eyes on the street" in police training sessions is just one extraordinary example of the breadth and depth of Jacobs's influence around the world. So ingrained in the culture have concepts like "mixed use" become that few who use them know where they originated. Jacobs cared little for the credit but a lot for the utility of her ideas. Understanding about anything, she argued, comes only through direct observation and persistent inquiry. Her inclusive spirit emphasized the value of all participants and gave greater weight to the informed citizen than the credentialed expert. This simple truth she described once as "trusting the local." She was an advocate of organic cities, a protector of authentic places, a fierce opponent of grand plans for highways at the expense of mass transit, a promoter of modest accretions to existing places instead of over-designed new ones, a proponent of economically and ethnically mixed neighborhoods, an astute observer of how economies and ecologies work. She listened carefully to citizens' testimony at public hearings, never resisted the opportunity to stand up to power and wished only for people to continue the dialogue she had started, not to duplicate her words. It took a while but she came to understand the breadth of her influence. Yet she was troubled by people who misapplied her thinking or absorbed only part of the melody and not the full song. The real crime now would be to reduce her thinking to some single note about cities rather than to listen to the full orchestration of her works (see www.thenation.com for an uncut version).

PAMUK AT PEN

■ "The joy of saying whatever you want to say is inextricably linked with human dignity." This latest endorsement of artistic freedom was appropriately uttered by the Turkish novelist Orhan Pamuk in the Arthur Miller Freedom to Write Lecture, which he delivered at PEN's Festival of International Literature held in New York City in April. Pamuk, one of Turkey's most popular and honored novelists (*My Name Is Red*, *Snow* and others) and an internationally recognized writer whose books have been translated into more than forty languages, was nevertheless threatened with prosecution by the Turkish government last year for "insulting Turkishness" by violating the prohibition against statements linking Turkey to the 1915 Armenian genocide. The charges were eventually dropped after an international outcry in which PEN was a significant voice. Pamuk's first contact with PEN came in 1985 when its American Center president, Arthur Miller, and Harold Pinter arrived in Turkey to speak with a number of writers who were being prosecuted by the military government (see Miller, "Dinner With the Ambassador," May 18, 1985). Pamuk accompanied the two playwrights on their rounds, and after hearing many tales of cruelty, he no longer felt that he could "protect myself from all this and do nothing but write beautiful novels." He came eventually to recognize that there are universal human rights of free expression superior to the values of one's religion, tribe or nation.

LEADING HISTORIANS

■ On May 8 Eric Foner, a member of our editorial board, began a one-year term as president of the Society of American Historians. He succeeds Frances FitzGerald, also a member of the magazine's board. Founded in 1939 "to promote literary distinction in historical writing," the SAH is an organization of historians from within and without academe.

CLURMAN CELEBRATED

■ Attention, New Yorkers: starting May 5 and continuing through May 8, the Stella Adler Studio of Acting is holding a Harold Clurman Festival of the Arts. There are a number of talks and panel discussions on the agenda, all taking place at the Adler Studio, 31 West 27th Street (information: Nina Capelli, 212-689-0087, ext. 27, or nina@stellaadler.com). Harold Clurman, of course, was *The Nation*'s influential drama critic from 1953 through 1980. Before that he co-founded the radical Group Theater in 1931 and was a celebrated director. With Clifford Odets's *Awake and Sing!* having just opened a successful run at the Belasco Theater, the timing for this symposium is appropriate. Odets was an original member of the Group and wrote several of his best plays for it before decamping to Hollywood. Clurman directed the first production of *Awake and Sing!* in 1935 after Lee Strasberg backed out. Stella Adler, also an original member of the Group, hid her glamour under a wig and a frumpy dress to play the matriarch of Odets's stage family, trapped in a cramped apartment amid Depression-era poverty.

POLLING IN THE STREETS

■ Overshadowed by the nationwide immigrant demonstrations the last weekend of April was the antiwar demo in New York City on April 29, sponsored by United for Peace and Justice. Sparsely reported in the New York press, the march down Broadway drew some 350,000 people, according to its sponsors. Even if we reduce that figure by a third, it is still a sizable turnout in support of an end to US intervention in Iraq and suggests the anti–Iraq War movement is far from dormant.

THE WEEK ON THE WEB

■ Jon Wiener reports from Los Angeles, the epicenter of the immigrant rights movement. Sam Graham-Felsen writes that the Darfur and immigrant rallies prove young people in America can speak out and make a difference (www.thenation.com).

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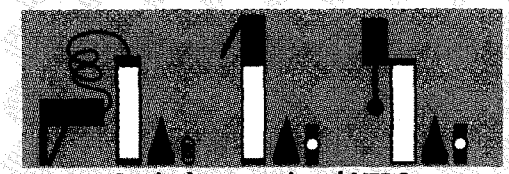

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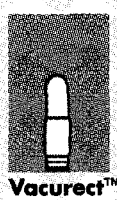

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

J.K. Galbraith and the Forks in the Road

Galbraith died April 29, at 97. I once drove up to Vermont to interview him in his farmhouse there. It was dark out, and I drove uncertainly along a dirt road and up a driveway and knocked on the door, shouting, "Is this the home of Professor Galbraith?" "No," came an angry shout from within. "It's the home of Professor Hook." Sidney Hook, the prototypical neocon, lived on the opposite side of the hill from the Keynesian progressive, Galbraith. By no means for the last time, I reflected how easy it is in America to take the wrong road, often without noticing, and end up 180 degrees from where you thought you were headed.

My Vermont trip took place in the mid-1970s, and it was still possible, though barely so, to imagine that there might be feasible radical options available around the next corner.

From Saigon on April 29, 1975, just before midnight, CIA station chief Tom Polgar had just sent his last secure communiqué to headquarters in Langley, saying, "It will take us about twenty minutes to destroy equipment.... It has been a long fight and we have lost. This experience, unique in the history of the United States, does not signal necessarily the demise of the United States as a world power...."

There was talk of a "peace dividend." Optimistic souls wrote about a shift in budgetary priorities from the military-industrial to the social-industrial complex, with money pouring in to low-income housing and mass transit.

The usefulness of talking to Galbraith was that his career lent a cautionary perspective to such hopes. No decent agricultural economist in the Depression (such as Galbraith had been) could have anything other than radical instincts as regards the shackling of the predatory corporate impulse. It was men like Henry Wallace, from the farm belt, who urged whatever left contour the New Deal actually had.

But by 1938 the New Deal had run out of steam, the recovery turned sour and what actually bailed out America was the loom, and then the reality, of the Second World War. Galbraith, still in his 30s, became deputy administrator in charge of price controls for the Office of Price Administration.

As far back as the German script for 1914, war planning has mostly been the pragmatic backbone of socialist blueprints, and it was easy to imagine that minute supervision of the economy post–Pearl Harbor could flower into large-scale economic planning in war's aftermath. But the reality was that the cost-plus-10-percenters were cleaning up on war contracts, and around the corner lay the corporate counterattack of the postwar years that gutted the Wagner Act with Taft-Hartley.

Ahead lay comfortable 1950s academic visions of "plural elites" or the "countervailing power" stand-off between business and labor theorized by Galbraith and already contradicted by the AFL-CIO's postwar acceptance of its role as business's junior partner at the feeding trough of a postwar boom underpinned by the permanent war economy ushered in by Harry Truman.

By the time I got to Oxford, in 1960, people had Galbraith's 1958 *The Affluent Society* on their desks jacket-to-jacket with the works of such other moral critics of capitalist consumerism as Leavis, Hoggart and Williams. How we sneered at the tailfin, first drawn in the Chrysler studio by Cliff Voss in 1954 and launched in 1956 as emblem of the company's "forward look." The consumers had it right. Labor never was going to get any purchase on the commanding heights of the economy, so workers bought fun baroque cars on the installment plan instead.

Although, as with his hero Veblen, his drollery could get tedious, Galbraith had the virtue of irreverence, albeit within the stifling constraints of urbanity. Within the Keynesian tradition—I remember him snarling with graceless venom about Marx—he was good at pointing out that the free enterprise system, so-called, never has worked very well, the same way he established with the postwar bombing survey that saturating Germany with high explosives never put much of a dent in the German war effort. (To Galbraith's survey America offered by way of reply the Strategic Air Command and Gen. Curtis LeMay's triumphant boast that SAC could reduce the Soviet Union to "a smoking, radiating ruin at the end of two hours.")

In the early 1960s came official identification, by a task force assembled by Bobby Kennedy, of "pockets of poverty" blighting the American landscape. By May 1964 Galbraith was writing LBJ's launch speech for the Great Society. The price tag was ruthless escalation of the war in Vietnam. From 1961 to '63 Galbraith served as US Ambassador in New Delhi. He got on well with Nehru and advised the Indian government on economic policy. But in India a fateful fork in the road had already been passed. The CIA had secretly given the Congress Party funds to thwart the Communists' revolution in Kerala, started in 1957 and embodying many of Galbraith's social and economic ideals.

Disclosing that secret funding in his memoir *A Dangerous Place* was a later US Ambassador to India, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. In the late 1950s Galbraith offered his critique of capitalism's public squalor, and in the late 1960s came Moynihan's response: The poor generally and blacks specifically have only themselves to blame. Onward into "benign neglect." That was a big fork in the road, and one from which America has never turned back.

At least Galbraith, in his 90s, could look back to a time when a reformer could not only body forth a social vision but tentatively identify the agencies whereby that vision could be put into practice. As I read *The Nation*'s recent special issue on reforming the world's economic arrangements, with fine contributions by Stiglitz, D'Arista, Galbraith's son James and others, not once in all the essays was the question of agency raised or the Democratic Party alluded to. If there's going to be a fork in the road, the question of agency had better be on the agenda. Galbraith understood that, though neither he nor his prose style could ever quite confront just how roughly American capitalism plays to win. ■

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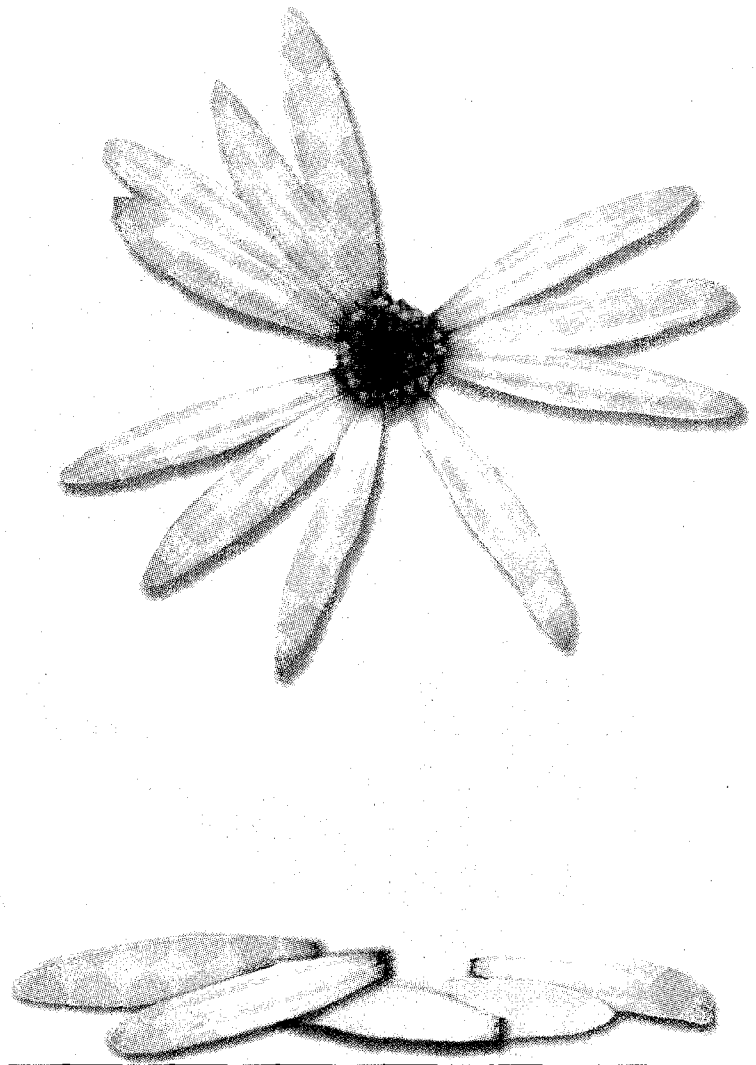
ARTICLES

THE MOTHERHOOD MANIFESTO



JOAN BLADES AND KRISTIN ROWE-FINKBEINER

In the deep quiet of a still-dark morning, Renee reaches her arm out from under her thick flowered comforter and across the bed to hit the snooze button on her alarm clock. For a few blessed (and pre-planned) minutes she avoids the wakeful classic rock blaring into her bedroom from her alarm. Renee hits the snooze button exactly three times before finally casting off her covers. She does this each morning, and each morning she sleepily thinks the same thing: "It's too early. I was just at work two seconds ago, and I don't want to go back already."

Everything about Renee's morning is structured for speed and efficiency. At 5:45, with her young son, Wade, and husband, Alan, still sleeping, Renee drags herself out of bed and sleepwalks to the shower. She brushes her teeth while the shower is warming, making sweeping circles on the mirror with her hand so she can see her reflection. Renee's movements, though she's thoroughly tired, are crisp, hurried and automatic—she's repeated the routine daily for several years.

Renee knows exactly how long each of her morning tasks will take, to the minute. That, for instance, between 6 and 6:12 she needs to put on her makeup, get herself dressed, get her son's clothes out and ready for the day, and get downstairs to the kitchen to start breakfast.

All this is done with an eye on the clock and a subtle, yet constant, worry about time. Her mind loops over the potential delays that could be ahead: "Is there going to be traffic? Am I going to get stuck behind a school bus? Is my son going to act normal when I drop him off or is he going to be stuck to my leg? Am I going to get a parking space in the office garage or am I going to have to run five blocks through the city to get to work on time?" And if there isn't any garage parking, which happens often, then in order to be on time for work Renee has to run up six flights of stairs in heels because she doesn't have extra time to waste waiting for an elevator. She's done this climb more than once.

Why the stress? At her work, if Renee is late more than six times, she's in danger of losing her job. Like many American mothers, Renee needs her income to help provide for her family. In our modern economy, where more often than not two wage earners are needed to support a family, American women now make up 46 percent of the entire paid labor force. In fact, a study released last June found that in order to maintain income levels, parents have to work more hours—two-parent families are spending 16 percent more time at work, or 500 more hours a year, than in 1979.

Despite all the media chatter about the so-called Opt-Out Revolution—and all the hand-wringing about whether working moms are good for kids—women, and mothers, are in the workplace to stay. Yet public policy and workplace structures have yet to catch up.

This Mother's Day, why not step back and reflect about how we as a country can really help mothers like Renee? For example, the option of flextime would make a world of difference for Renee and her family. "Flextime would make a huge difference in my life because with my job function, there are busy days and late days. As long as I'm there forty hours a week and get my job done, then I don't know why anyone would care. I don't understand why there's such an 8 AM to 5 PM 'law' in my workplace."

Seemingly mundane challenges like getting out the door in time for work and the morning commute, Renee tells us, become overwhelming when coupled with the financial anxieties that face so many families in America. Renee and Alan would like to have a second child, but they worry that they simply can't afford one right now. "By no means do we live, or want to live,

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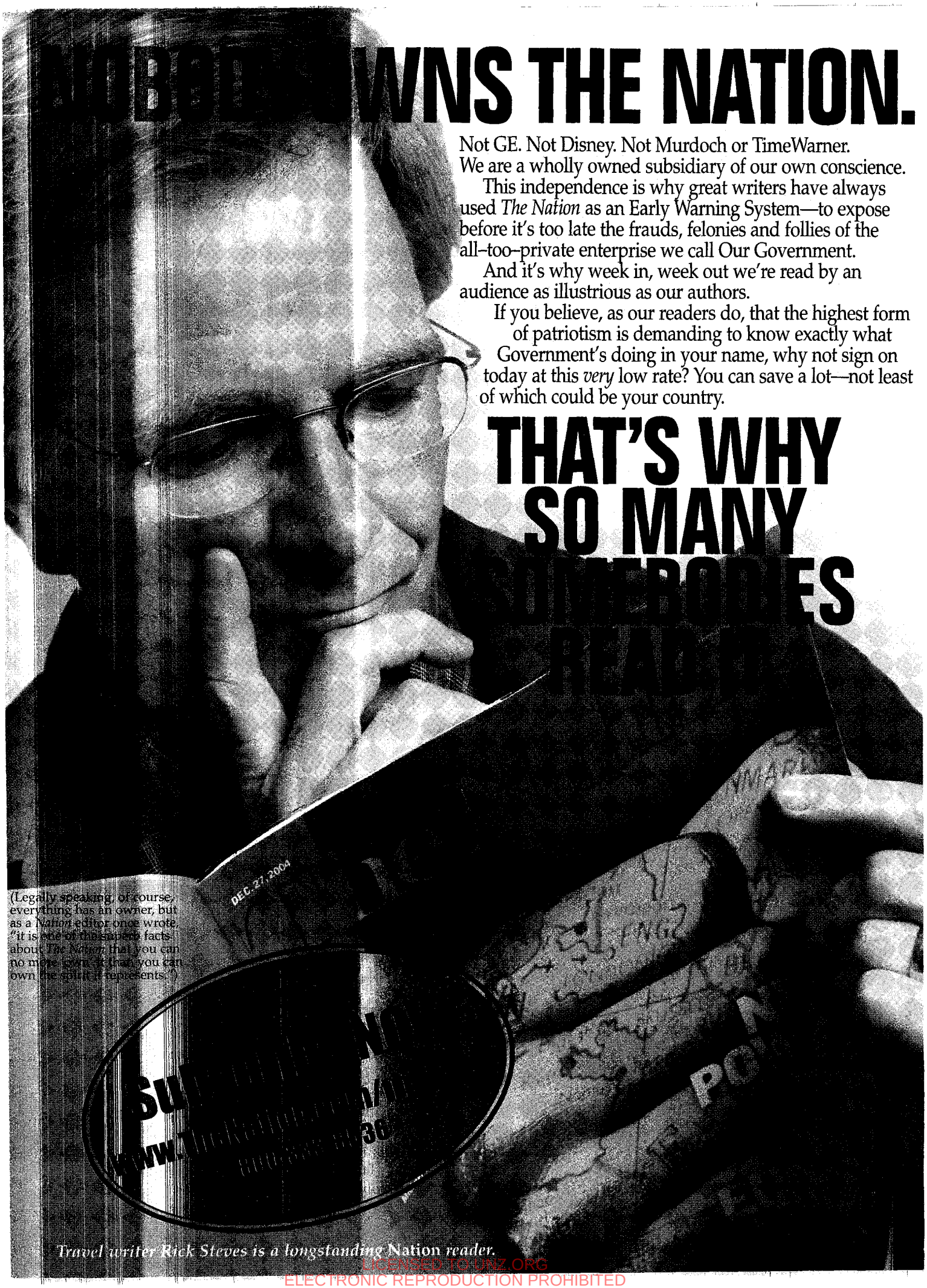
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THAT'S WHY SO MANY
DEC 27 2004
(Legally speaking, of course, everything has an owner, but as a *Nation* editor once wrote, "it is one of the saddest facts about *The Nation* that you can no more corner it than you can own the spirit it represents.")
Travel writer Rick Steves is a longstanding Nation *reader.*

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extravagantly: We just want two cars, two kids and a vacation here and there," says Renee.

She and millions of other parents across the country are seriously struggling to meet the demands of work and parenthood. Vast numbers of women are chronically tired and drained. But the American credo teaches us to be fierce individualists, with the result that most parents toil in isolation and can't envision, or don't expect, help. It's time to recognize that our common problems can be addressed only by working together to bring about broad and meaningful change in our families, communities, workplaces and nation.

It's often said that motherhood is perhaps the most important, and most difficult, job on the planet. This cliché hits fairly close to the mark. While we raise our children out of an innate sense of love and nurturing, we also know that raising happy, healthy children who become productive adults is critical to our future well-being as a nation.

But right now, motherhood in America is at a critical juncture. As women's roles continue to evolve, more women than ever are in the workforce and most children are raised in homes without a stay-at-home parent. At the same time, public and private policies that affect parenting and the workplace remain largely unchanged. We have a twenty-first-century economy stuck with an outdated, industrial-era family support structure. The result is that parents, mothers in particular, are struggling to balance the needs of their children with the demands of the workplace.

More women than ever are in the workforce, but public and private policies that affect parenting remain largely unchanged.

America's mothers are working, and working hard. Almost three-quarters have jobs outside their homes. Then, too, America's mothers are working hard but for less money than men (and less money than women who are not mothers). In fact, the wage gap between mothers and nonmothers is greater than that between nonmothers and men–and it's actually getting bigger. One study found that nonmothers with an average age of 30 made 90 cents to a man's dollar, while moms made only 73 cents to the dollar, and single moms made 56 to 66 cents to a man's dollar.

"It is well-established that women with children earn less than other women in the United States," writes Jane Waldfogel of Columbia University in *The Journal of Economic Perspectives*. "Even after controlling for differences in characteristics such as education and work experience, researchers typically find a family penalty of 10–15 percent for women with children as compared to women without children."

What's more, it's still common for women and men to hold the same job and receive different pay. In fact, women lost a cent between 2002 and 2003, according to the US Census, and now make 76 cents to a man's dollar. Most of these wage hits are coming from mothers, because the lower wages they receive drag down the overall average pay for all women.

The United States has a serious mommy wage gap. Why? Because, as Waldfogel writes, "The United States does at least as well as other countries in terms of equal pay and equal opportunity legislation, but...the United States lags in the area of family policies such as maternity leave and childcare." Studies show that this mommy wage gap is directly correlated with our lack of family-friendly national policies like paid family leave and subsidized childcare. In countries with these family policies in place, moms don't take such big wage hits.

Consider one family-friendly policy: paid family leave. The United States is the only industrialized country that doesn't have paid leave other than Australia (which does give a full year of guaranteed unpaid leave to all women, compared with the scant twelve weeks of unpaid leave given to those who work for companies in the United States with more than fifty employees). A full 163 countries give women paid leave with the birth of a child. Fathers as well often get paid leave in other countries—forty-five give fathers the right to paid parental leave.

By way of example, our close neighbor to the north, Canada, gives the mother fifteen weeks of partial paid parental leave for physical recovery, and then gives another thirty-five weeks of partial paid leave that has to be taken before the child turns 1. These thirty-five weeks of parental leave can be taken by the mother or the father, or can be shared between the two.

Sweden, with about a year of paid family leave and some time specifically reserved for fathers, is often held up as a model. Not surprisingly, with this support, Ann Crittenden writes in *The Price of Motherhood*, "Swedish women on average have higher incomes, vis-à-vis men, than women anywhere else in the world."

America, on the other hand, generally leaves it up to parents to patch together some type of leave on their own. Some states are starting to give more support to new parents, but only one of our fifty states, California, offers paid family leave. The federal government simply doesn't offer a paid family leave program at all. A weighty consequence emerges from this lack of family support. Research reveals that a full 25 percent of "poverty spells," or times when a family's income slips below what is needed for basic living expenses, begin with the birth of a baby.

Speak to mothers across the nation and you will hear that the vast majority of them find they hit an economic "maternal wall" after having children. By most accounts, this wall is why a large number of professional women leave the workforce, and it's a core reason so many mothers and their children live in poverty. Amy Caiazza, from the Institute for Women's Policy Research, notes, "If there wasn't a wage gap, the poverty rates for single moms would be cut in half, and the poverty rates for dual earner families would be cut by about 25 percent."

But mothers across America are not just crying out for better (or at least fair and equal) pay; they are also yearning to live a life in which they aren't cracking under pressure, a life in which they know that their children will be well cared for, a life in which it's possible to be at home with their son or daughter even

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Joan Blades is a co-founder of MomsRising.org and MoveOn.org. She is the author of Mediate Your Divorce *(Prentice Hall). Kristin Rowe-Finkbeiner writes about public policy, health and women's issues. She is the co-founder of MomsRising.org and author of the award-winning book* The F-Word: Feminism in Jeopardy *(Avalon). This article is adapted from* The Motherhood Manifesto *(Nation Books).*

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just one afternoon a week without worrying about sacrificing a disproportionate amount of their income and benefits—or losing their job altogether. Some would argue that mothers just need to find the proper balance between parenting and career. We believe there's more to it than that.

While Renee's story captures the essence of what millions of working American women face each morning, Kiki's daunting experience simply trying to find a job shows just how deeply rooted, and widely accepted, discrimination against mothers has become.

A single mother of two, Kiki moved to a one-stoplight Pennsylvania town in 1994. She was truly on her own. Her husband had left several years earlier, when her children were 2 and 4. Kiki hadn't known how she'd make it as a single parent until her mother, a petite powerhouse and survivor of a World War II Russian gulag, stepped in to help. But when Kiki's mother died, there was nothing to keep Kiki in the Long Island town where she'd been living. The rapid property-tax increases in Kiki's carefully landscaped neighborhood of gorgeous Colonial houses were quickly exceeding her economic reach as a single working mother. So Kiki left in search of a smaller town with a lower cost of living.

Mothers are 44 percent less likely to be hired and are offered much lower starting pay than nonmothers who have the same résumé.

With this move, Kiki and the kids were alone in a new town that had just two supermarkets. Several diners served a variety of aromatically enticing pork, sauerkraut and dumpling dishes. It was just the change she wanted. Kiki was able to buy a Dutch Colonial house at the top of a small mountain in the Poconos with nearly two acres of land for a fraction of the price of her old house. It seemed ideal, until she started looking for a job to support her family.

On a hot, humid August day, at an interview for a legal secretary position in a one-story brick building, Kiki sat down in a hard wooden chair to face a middle-aged attorney ensconced behind a mahogany desk. His framed diplomas lined the walls, and legal books filled the shelves behind him. Kiki remembers the attorney clearly, even his height of 5'10" and the color of his light brown hair. The interaction was significant enough to remain seared in her mind a decade later. "The first question the attorney asked me when I came in for the interview was, Are you married? The second was, Do you have children?"

It was the eleventh job interview in which she'd been asked the very same questions. After answering eleven times that she wasn't married, and that she was the mother of two, Kiki began to understand why her job search was taking so long.

She decided to address the issue head-on this time. "I asked him how those questions were relevant to the job, and he said my hourly wage would be determined by my marital and motherhood status." What's that? "He said, If you don't have a husband and have children, then I pay less per hour because I have to pay benefits for the entire family." The attorney noted that a married woman's husband usually had health insurance to cover the kids, and since Kiki didn't have a husband, he "didn't want to get stuck with the bill for my children's health coverage."

The attorney insisted that this blatant discrimination was perfectly legal—and he was right. Pennsylvania, like scores of states, does not have employment laws that protect mothers.

Recent Cornell University research by Shelley Correll confirms what many American women are finding: Mothers are 44 percent less likely to be hired than nonmothers who have the same résumé, experience and qualifications; and mothers are offered significantly lower starting pay. Study participants offered nonmothers an average of $11,000 more than equally qualified mothers for the same high-salaried job. Correll's groundbreaking research adds to the long line of studies that explore the roots of this maternal wage gap. "We expected to find that moms were going to be discriminated against, but I was surprised by the magnitude of the gap," explains Correll. "I expected small numbers, but we found huge numbers. Another thing was that fathers were actually advantaged, and we didn't expect fathers to be offered more money or to be rated higher." But that's what happened.

The "maternal wall" is a reality we must address if we value both fair treatment in the workplace and the contributions working mothers make to our economy.

Stories like those of Renee and Kiki confirm that something just isn't right about what we're doing—or not doing—to address the needs of mothers across our nation. Some companies and states are experimenting with family-friendly programs, but such programs are not the norm. We need to open a whole new conversation about motherhood by illuminating the universal needs of America's mothers and spelling out concrete solutions that will provide families—whether working- or middle-class—with real relief.

National policies and programs with proven success in other countries—like paid family leave, flexible work options, subsidized childcare and preschool, as well as healthcare coverage for all kids—are largely lacking in America. The problems mothers face are deeply interconnected and often overlap: Without paid family leave parents often have to put their infants in extremely expensive or substandard childcare facilities; families with a sick child, inadequate healthcare coverage and no flexible work options often end up in bankruptcy.

Fixing even one of these problems often has numerous positive repercussions. Companies that embrace family-friendly workplace policies are thriving, with lower employee turnover, enhanced productivity and job commitment from employees, and consequently with lower recruiting and retraining costs. Flexible work options also allow parents to create work schedules that are well suited to raising happy, healthy children.

The good news is that more enlightened policies would provide practical benefits to the whole society. But we need a genuine motherhood revolution to achieve this sort of change. We believe the following Motherhood Manifesto points are a good place to start:

§ **M** = Maternity/Paternity Leave: Paid family leave for all parents after a new child comes into the family.

§ **O** = Open, Flexible Work: Give parents the ability to structure their work hours and careers in a way that allows them

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to meet both business and family needs. This includes flexible work hours and locations, part-time work options and the ability to move in and out of the labor force without penalties to raise young children.

§ **T** = TV We Choose & Other After-School Programs: Offer safe, educational opportunities for children after school doors close, including a clear and independent universal television rating system for parents along with technology that allows them to choose what is showing in their own homes; quality educational programming for kids; expanded after-school programs.

§ **H** = Healthcare for All Kids: Provide quality, universal healthcare to all children.

§ **E** = Excellent Childcare: Quality, affordable childcare should be available to all parents. Childcare providers should be paid at least a living wage and healthcare benefits.

§ **R** = Realistic and Fair Wages: Two full-time working parents should be able to earn enough to care for their family. And working mothers must receive equal pay for equal work.

By tackling these interconnected issues together, we can create a powerful system of support for families, improving the quality of our lives and making sure our children inherit a world in which they will thrive as adults and parents. The Motherhood Manifesto is a call to action, summoning all Americans—mothers, and all who have mothers—to start a revolution to make motherhood compatible with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. ■

Letter From Afghanistan

AIR MAIL
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by Ann Jones

WOMEN & WARLORDS

To the Bush bunch, an election seems to equal "democracy." Yet five months after elections in Iraq, that country has no government. And nine months after parliamentary elections in Afghanistan, it's unclear who the new legislature represents and where it's headed.

I recently visited the Afghan Parliament, just finishing its third month in session, to interview twenty members of the lower house who seem to many Afghans to be the last, best hope for a democratic future. They are certainly not typical. Standard issue parliamentarians are familiar mujahedeen commanders and cronies previously defeated, discredited and driven from the country. But these twenty parliamentarians are different: They're women.

Trumpeted as "the first democratically elected Parliament in over thirty years," this one was planned at the December 2001 Bonn conference that followed the fall of the Taliban, and was brought into being at fabulous expense by an army of some 130,000 internationally paid election workers. The United States' inexplicable pressure to invite those mujahedeen commanders to Bonn plays out now in a Parliament where every other member is a former jihadi, and nearly half are affiliated with fundamentalist or traditionalist Islamist parties, including the Taliban.

The presence of so many of the country's notorious bad guys is certainly the most peculiar feature of this "democratic" Parliament (another is the new Parliament building itself, which has plenty of room for prayer mats but no office space). One international analyst reports that among the 249 members of the Wolesi Jirga (lower house) are forty commanders (warlords) of armed militias, twenty-four members of criminal gangs, seventeen drug traffickers and nineteen men facing serious allegations of war crimes and human rights violations. The deputy chairman of the Afghan Independent Human Rights Commission charges that "more than 80 percent of winning candidates in provinces and more than 60 percent in the capital, Kabul, have links to armed groups." Plenty of parliamentarians parade around town in armored cars packed with bodyguards flourishing automatic weapons. "How can I stand up to that?" asked one woman delegate. "I am only one small lady arriving on the bus."

Warlords and criminals got into Parliament by the usual tactics: intimidation, bribery, theft and the occasional murderous assault. Many spent lavishly on campaigns, running up six-figure bills despite an official spending cap of about $15,000 (750,000 afghanis). Many gave away coveted products—from cell phones to motor bikes—to inspire voter loyalty. Some allegedly stuffed ballot boxes, using voter-registration cards confiscated from women. The highest percentages of women's votes were recorded in precisely those provinces where women are not allowed to leave the house. In Kandahar province, brimming ballot boxes were returned from women's voting centers, although few women had been seen visiting the polls.

The presence on the ballot of the usual suspects—especially the commanders who wrecked the country—kept many voters from last September's polls. (The low voter turnout, also attributed to widespread disillusionment with President Hamid Karzai, further dims the democratic credentials of the new Parliament.) But many voters filed a protest vote that produced Parliament's other startling statistic: Better than one in four members of the Wolesi Jirga is a woman.

What made that result possible is a national policy of "affirmative discrimination," a quota system endorsed and encouraged by the international community. The Afghan Constitution of 2004 provides that "from each province on average at least two female delegates shall have membership to the Wolesi Jirga." That's a total of sixty-eight women, or 27 percent of the lower house, a figure that catapults Afghanistan into the ranks of

Ann Jones (www.annjonesonline.com) is the author of Kabul in Winter: Life Without Peace in Afghanistan *(Metropolitan).*

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nations with the highest proportion of female representation. Sweden is number one, with 44 percent, and Afghanistan a respectable number twenty. (The United States, at roughly 15 percent, is a conspicuous disgrace.)

Surprisingly, when the votes were counted last September, nineteen women had received enough votes to win seats even without the quota system. In Herat, Fauzia Gailani, a political unknown who runs a gym for women, took first place, though she faced rivals backed by the former mujahedeen commander and provincial governor (and current Cabinet minister) Ismail Khan. In Farah province, second place went to Malalai Joya, the young woman who, as a delegate to the constitutional loya jirga in 2004, became dangerously famous for denouncing the warlords and war criminals in President Karzai's Cabinet.

The performance of female candidates for the provincial councils, elected at the same time, was even more amazing. Women won the most votes in three provinces (Balkh, Ghazni and Kunduz) and won seats in eighteen of thirty-four provinces. In Kabul women won ten seats, two more than the quota prescribed. And this despite the fact that most female candidates had little money or time to spend on campaigning, while husbands and social customs kept many from campaigning at all. Many reported death threats. A rival parliamentary candidate attacked Dr. Roshanak Wardak's home in Wardak province with automatic weapons and rockets. A local warlord is suspected in an attack in Nuristan that seriously wounded parliamentary candidate Hawa Nuristani and three of her staff just days before the election. Both women won.

One female parliamentarian insists the warlords 'won't oppose women or liberals on everything. They will pick their battles.'

From the time the election results were announced last fall, commentators worried aloud about what would happen when women met warlords. The smart, cynical money was on the warlords, while international NGOs and UN agencies hastened to offer the women coaching and technical support. But after the Wolesi Jirga was in session three months, its chairman (and former presidential candidate), Yunus Qanooni, told this reporter that there are strong and outspoken parliamentarians on both sides of the gender gap. He thinks the women are doing just fine. On the whole, the women members are better educated than the men, many of whom are illiterate; and most have careers as teachers, doctors or civil servants, while taking care of five children (on average) at home.

Qanooni argues that because Parliament is a new institution, both men and women should receive international training. Maybe in communication skills: Men complain that women interrupt them. Women say men need lessons in "democratic conversation."

During the first full-scale parliamentary debate—on the issue of whether women parliamentarians would be allowed to travel abroad without *mahrams* (male escorts)—women held their own. "We no longer cross the desert by camel, you know," said Shinkai Karokhail. "We take airplanes." Warlords asked, "Why are these women yelling at us?" Qanooni quickly sent the issue to an administrative committee.

Women parliamentarians, who were expected to quail before the warlords, already claim to be changing them for the better. Unfortunately, the female quota system gave warlords the chance to buy loyalty in exchange for protection and financial support. One female parliamentarian claims off the record that "half the women in Parliament belong to some warlord." So when a female parliamentarian reports that some well-known war criminal has become "a very good man," it's hard to know what to make of her opinion.

Nevertheless, the independent Kabul member Karokhail says it's possible to work with the commanders. "They're called warlords," she says, "but they've survived by being very shrewd factional leaders. Politicians. They won't oppose women or liberals on everything. They will pick their battles, and we will pick ours." And Roshanak Wardak notes that the ground has shifted. "The commanders could be outside running around with the Taliban and Al Qaeda, but they're inside talking to us," she says. "They used to be gunmen, but what good is a gun in the Parliament?"

That's the hopeful view. But skeptics in the international community note the ease with which Afghan thugs adopt Western vocabulary. Armed militia commanders talk peace and democracy, and fundamentalist mullahs spout feminism. Internationals say, "The leopard doesn't change its spots." In the parliamentary cafeteria, women members caucus over cups of tea. In the corridor strolls gray-bearded parliamentarian Abdul Rasul Sayyaf, Islamic cleric and scholar, militia commander, leader of the Wahhabi fundamentalist faction, friend of Osama bin Laden, accused war criminal and the purported choice of President Karzai (read Bush) for chairman of the Wolesi Jirga. Optimists take his narrow loss to Qanooni (himself a former mujahid and right hand to the assassinated national hero Ahmed Shah Massoud, but no extremist) as a sign of political change.

But the strolling Sayyaf is trailed day after day by fellow parliamentarians from the provinces. They parade in cloaks and shawls, their turbans tightly wrapped or trailing tails, their beards dyed jet black or bright red in the fashion of this or that part of the countryside. Unmistakably, they are drawn to the scent of power. But if Sayyaf lost, why are they still following him?

The answer lies outside the walls of Parliament, in the countryside. There, in the south and east, where warfare that followed the American bombardment of 2001 has never stopped, violence increases every day. Schools have been attacked; teachers beheaded. It is estimated that in Kandahar 200 schools have closed; in Helmand 165; in Zabul all but five of 170. Murders are reported almost every day: police officers, village officials, former political or military leaders. Americans say the attackers are Taliban, though many Afghans say the Taliban are busy working as drivers or translators for Americans who don't know their history. Others say the attackers are drug smugglers, inciting insecurity to cover their illegal operations. But many Afghans say that the same familiar militia men are behind the violence, settling old scores.

In a sense, the countryside is supposed to belong to parliamentarians. Every Thursday they're expected to visit their con-

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stituents and report problems back to Kabul. Women members generally have less money and more obstacles to travel, but most of them go. Dr. Gulalai Noor Safi sets off by car over the arduous Salang Pass. Safora Yalkhani boards a battered bus to Bamiyan. Roshanak Wardak takes me into the mountains of Wardak in a Russian jeep for meetings with village elders and Kuchi nomads huddling around grass-fed fires. At Abdura, twenty male elders recite the needs of the village. *A school.* More than 250 boys meet daily in a field, weather permitting. A like number of girls stay home. *A clinic.* Pregnant women walk all day to reach Dr. Roshanak's surgery, and then they walk back with their newborns. *Jobs.* Twenty-five able-bodied young men have gone to work in Iran, leaving families behind. This village is lucky enough to have water, supplied most of the year by mountain snowmelt. They've terraced and cultivated small plots, but the rocky soil yields only enough food to last the villagers fifteen days. Then men must find paid work to feed their families. Looking out across the rocky, high-desert waste, one wonders where.

"Why don't they pool their resources and build a school?" I ask Dr. Roshanak. "They have no resources," she says. "I think you cannot understand what it is to have nothing."

Making justice for such villagers throughout the country—who so far have seen no benefits of the reported billions in foreign aid to Afghanistan—is the job that many women parliamentarians are undertaking. As more and more posh palaces of drug lords and corrupt officials rise in the capital, women members speak in Parliament of the deep and widening chasm between rich and poor. Warlords claim benefits for their own fiefdoms, but women—and Chairman Qanooni—press for equality among all regions and ethnic groups.

Current power struggles don't bode well. In late April President Karzai—Afghanistan's own "unitary executive"—won confirmation for twenty of his twenty-five Cabinet nominees, including a previously unknown personal adviser to replace veteran Foreign Minister Abdullah Abdullah. Among the losers were the culture minister, attacked for permitting women and "racy" Indian films to appear on state TV, and Suraya Raheem Sabarnag, named to be women's affairs minister—Karzai's only female nominee. An anonymous Karzai aide explained that women don't need "special appointments" to the Cabinet or the courts because they're already represented in Parliament.

Clearly, the only effective challenge to Karzai came not from Yunus Qanooni and colleagues but from right-wing jihadis who'd like to do away with female TV performers and ministers altogether. Karzai bowed to them (again) in naming the over-aged Islamic cleric Fazl-e Hadi Shinwari to continue as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and effective head of the judiciary system. (Shinwari, who is on record opposing women on TV and equal education for girls, forced the first women's affairs minister from office by charging her with blasphemy, an offense punishable by death.)

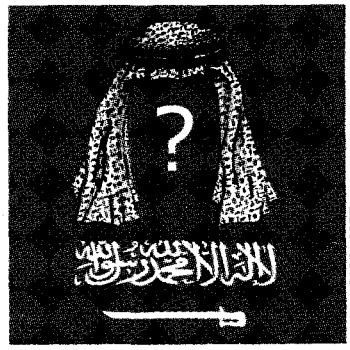
How can women parliamentarians stand up to that? Maybe they're not meant to accomplish something like justice—or democracy—for Afghanistan. Maybe the new Parliament is just another foreign invention, like Kabul's new luxury hotel, designed to gratify the international community while serving no constructive Afghan purpose. Or maybe the new Parliament, such as it is, simply belongs already to the bad old boys. ■

SATELLITE TV AND THE INTERNET HAVE MADE SAUDI SUBJECTS MORE OPEN TO DEBATE.

Saudi Arabia, a Kingdom Divided

ALAIN GRESH

The presence of fifteen Saudis among the nineteen 9/11 hijackers marked a turning point in the way Saudi Arabia was perceived in the United States, a shift perhaps best summed up by the expression "Saudi bashing." Books about the country, which till then had been rare, multiplied, and showed more propaganda than serious study. After arduous researches, American investigative journalists discovered that Saudi Arabia was a theocratic country, that women were segregated, that fundamental freedoms weren't respected, that there were no elections. One neoconservative actually called for military operations against the country, which was regarded as the main propagator of "Islamic terrorism," and even suggested partition, with the eastern region—oil-rich and mainly Shiite—to be placed under US control.



KAREN CALDICOTT

Abdelhamed al-Ghathami, a professor of literary theory at King Saud University in Riyadh who readily quotes Derrida and Foucault, is still surprised at what he discovered while teaching in the United States in the 1990s. "Americans didn't know anything about Saudi Arabia. They thought the country was just a desert and some Bedouins. They didn't know we had cities, or that middle classes existed. After September 11 they saw us as the quintessence of evil. Our entire society is identified with terrorism. When the Japanese Red Army carried out its attacks, did people make Japan bear all the responsibility? This simplistic view feeds terrorism, since radical groups can claim that the United States is targeting not terrorism but our society as a whole—Arabs, Islam itself. Even more so when we hear Ameri-

Alain Gresh, a journalist at Le Monde diplomatique *specializing in the Middle East, is the author of* Israel-Palestine: vérités sur un conflit *(Hachette) and, with Dominique Vidal,* The New A–Z of the Middle East *(I.B. Tauris). This article was translated by Charlotte Mandell.*

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cans calling for the nuclear bombing of Mecca, or denouncing the Prophet Muhammad as a terrorist."

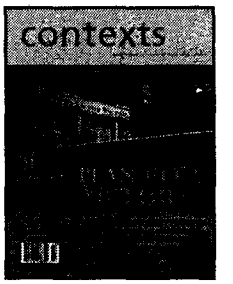
Saudi Arabia deserves better than this simplistic treatment. One must be aware not just of its political system and of the place of Islam but also of the changes the country is undergoing. To understand Saudi Arabia, one must first examine the society and its complex relationships to power.

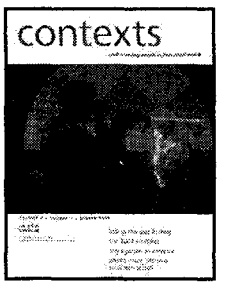
The accession to the throne of Crown Prince Abdullah last July, after a long period of regency during King Fahd's illness, has raised people's hopes greatly, all the more so since the country is riding a wave of rising oil prices: Revenue from oil more than doubled between 2003 and 2005, to more than $500 million a day. The stock market, which shot up by 100 percent in 2004 and by another 100 percent in 2005, has become a source of income for a growing number of households (even if the index has fallen 32 percent from its February peak, and 22.5 percent from its close at the end of 2005). In December 2005 5.7 million Saudis bought shares in the National Petrochemical Company in Yanbu, for a total of almost $2 billion.

The country has changed profoundly since the first oil crisis, in 1973–74. Each day, Riyadh nibbles up a few more acres of sand. Its wide avenues, almost highways, unfurl in every direction. "Just a few years ago there was nothing here," people will tell you in the heart of an ultramodern neighborhood, a carbon copy of an American one, with huge malls, luxury boutiques, Internet cafes and McDonald's. In a few dozen years real estate prices have multiplied many times over. Tall buildings are rare; those who have the means—and there are many—prefer the open spaces around detached houses to highrise apartment buildings. Only mosques raise their minarets to attack the sky. No statue of an "immortal leader" or "supreme savior" breaks the symmetry of the crossroads; here, only God is worshiped.

Day after day, a thousand more people crowd into the kingdom's capital. It has grown from 111,000 in 1950 to 5.5 million today. In two generations urbanization has changed the face of the Arabian Peninsula and has transformed its nomads into a sedentary population: In 1970 49 percent of the inhabitants of Saudi Arabia lived in cities; by 2005 almost 89 percent did. Thanks to its oil resources, the kingdom has undergone other mutations. Infant mortality, which was almost 170 per thousand at the beginning of the 1960s, has fallen to 10.8 per thousand in 2006. Whereas only 2 percent of girls went to school in 1960, by 2000 94 percent of young women aged 15–24 were literate, and they now constitute more than half of all students—even though they are confined to single-sex universities.

It is difficult to measure the extent of Saudi Arabia's social problems. The absence of detailed statistics, the ban on organized trade unions and, more generally, the confused stammerings of the local social science institutions make the evaluation of poverty difficult, even if the press provides unexpected aid. For some years now—even more so since the accession to the throne of Abdullah, an apostle of moderate reformism—the daily papers have regularly reported social problems: unemployment, poverty, prostitution, drugs, family violence and so on. Even AIDS has been the subject of public initiatives: On December 1, the worldwide day to mark the fight against the disease, ambulances could be seen in Jeddah distributing information





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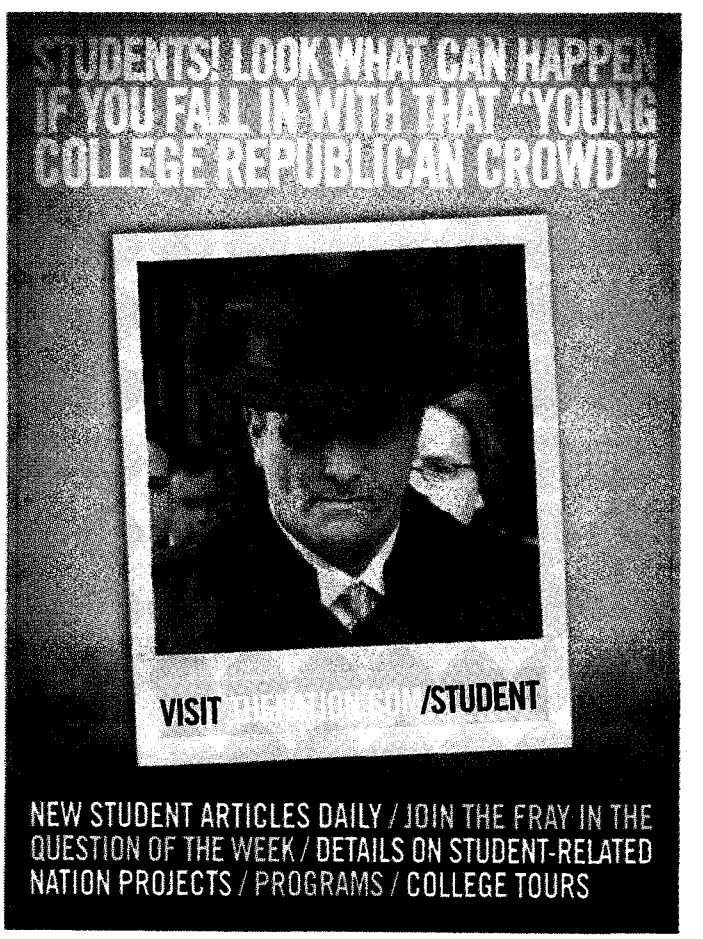
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pamphlets. The place of the royal family and its monopolization of power remain taboo subjects, as does religion to a lesser extent. But satellite television—especially the Al Jazeera network, based in nearby Qatar—and the Internet have opened a huge window for Saudi subjects and have made them more open to controversial debate.

Despite the new wealth, a major fraction of society, both Saudi and immigrant, have trouble balancing their budgets at the end of the month. Saudi cab drivers, especially "clandestine" ones, allow one to grasp a chunk of this reality. They allow one to see the country from below, to glimpse the lives of people who can't dream of traveling abroad or speculating on the stock market, who don't own any of the fabulous detached houses that line the cities' avenues, hidden from view by high walls. Those who accost potential customers at the airport generally have other jobs: as civil servants, white-collar workers, even soldiers.

Despite a flood of new oil wealth, a major fraction of society have trouble balancing their budgets at the end of the month.

Ahmed is a first-year economics student. Originally from Jizaan, in the south, he came to Riyadh to live with an uncle and some cousins. To make ends meet, he drives a taxi whenever he doesn't have classes. "Life has gotten harder the past few years," he complains. Although he misses his native region, which he revisits regularly, he is clearheaded. "Here, lots of things are free, especially schooling and health insurance," he tells me. He has great confidence in King Abdullah, whose popularity is at its height (his renunciation of the title "His Majesty," as well as hand-kissing, were greatly appreciated). The new king increased the salaries of employees and civil servants by 15 percent when he came to the throne, an indispensable measure, because salaries had been trailing far behind inflation. But even now a civil servant cannot, in general, live on his salary alone.

In Riyadh the official taxis are many; it's probably the only capital in the world where one can haggle over the fare on the meter. The drivers are mostly Pakistani or Indian, and have lived far from home for many years, without being able to bring their families over. They complain more about the contempt to which they are often subjected and the total dependence in which they are kept by their employers—who decide whether they can obtain temporary residency status—than about their wages. Their problems, however, are starting to be discussed openly. The National Association for Individual Rights, founded two years ago by the authorities, proposes that immigrants who have been in the region for more than ten years be naturalized. One of its leaders, Hammad Suhail Abidin, explains that some of them "have always lived here, don't speak any other language, don't know any other country. It is unfair that they risk being expelled." Discussion of this issue has permitted the adoption of new legislation protecting domestic servants, all of them foreign, but it has also evoked racism, especially in Jeddah, where many illegal immigrants arrive under cover of pilgrimage to Mecca. And repression has intensified: In Jeddah, during October alone 14,000 illegal immigrants were arrested.

Moreover, a new sword of Damocles is held above immigrants' heads: the "Saudi-ization" of manual labor, which aims to replace foreign laborers with Saudi citizens. This plan is now being systematically implemented: Businesses must hire an increasing number of Saudi employees. These plans are being fought by businessmen and -women, who complain that young Saudis are not well trained and above all are not ready to subject themselves to even minimal work discipline. Some business owners report that they have Saudis on their payrolls simply to meet the quotas. One businessman from Jeddah, aware of his responsibilities toward the country's future, found an original solution: "Since we don't pay taxes, we created a fund for young Saudis. So we pay about a hundred of them simply for coming in and getting trained."

The 1990s and the beginning of the twenty-first century, when oil prices had collapsed, were lean times for Saudi Arabia. The education and health infrastructures, which were constructed in haste in the 1970s, entered a period of crisis. There are not enough universities for the tens of thousands of kids pouring out of the high schools each year, and youth unemployment has grown as a result of an unprecedented demographic explosion: By 2006 the population exceeded 27 million, with more than half under 19 and more than a quarter foreign laborers (who represent two-thirds of the manual labor force). The 2006 budget, which has just been adopted, aims to tackle these problems. Exceptional efforts are planned in the realm of public investment, especially in education, which absorbs more than a quarter of the total budget (construction of three universities and 2,673 schools, renovation of 2,000 others), and health (creation of twenty-four new hospitals, which will be added to the eighty-nine in the process of completion). The first challenge will be to provide a job for everyone. At the beginning of January the Labor Department claimed that unemployment among men was only 5 percent, far from the current independent estimates of about 20 percent. The expectations, desires and frustrations of tens of thousands of young men who enter the labor market every year, and of the hundreds of thousands of young women hoping for employment, will in part determine the future of the country.

It's enough to watch these thousands of idle young people hanging out in Riyadh on Wednesday night, before the Thursday-Friday weekend, with no meeting places that can be shared by both sexes, to get a sense of their boredom. Although international culture is flooding the country through the Internet and satellite television, there's still not a single movie theater in the kingdom. Here too the debate is fierce, with one editorialist recently wondering: "Is no one watching the satellite channels, financed by Saudi funds, that broadcast films twenty-four hours a day, Arab and foreign, old and new?... Will projecting them in movie theaters make us into a 'modern' society?"

There is nothing surprising in the fact that, with boredom never far away, juvenile delinquency and drug addiction are getting worse. On weekends many young Saudis go to Bahrain, an island kingdom connected to Saudi Arabia by a giant bridge, for the entertainment they are deprived of in their own country. Eleven million travelers crossed the bridge in 2004. "In neigh-

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boring countries a family has enough options to attend movies and theaters, or book fairs, while we invent new ways to smuggle in entertainment magazines," wrote a journalist in the *Saudi Gazette*.

Other young people—not necessarily the most disadvantaged—have taken a much more dangerous path. Many left in the 1980s to go fight the Communist enemy in Afghanistan, in response to a summons from their government and with the help of the United States. In later years people who were outraged by the massacres in Bosnia and Chechnya followed them, often to train in Taliban camps. Some of these "Afghan Arab" mujahedeen—estimates range as high as several thousand—are fighting the US occupation in Iraq today. Mobilized in the beginning against the foreign, distant enemy—first the Soviet Union, then the United States—some later turned against the Saudi regime, whose legitimacy they questioned in the name of Islam.

In the 1980s the monarchy attempted to co-opt the Islamist wave, encouraging jihad—which has come back to haunt it.

We should remember that the kingdom was born of a desire to reform Islam. In 1744 Muhammad Ibn Saud, a local emir from the Nejd region, signed a pact with a religious reformer, Muhammad Ibn Abdel Wahhab, to make "the reign of the word of God" triumph, "even if it's by means of weapons," as the French Islamic scholar Henri Laoust writes. Wahhab wanted to restore Sunni Islam to its primal purity, at a time when the Ottoman Empire was becoming increasingly fragmented and Shiism was growing in Persia and Iraq. Wahhab rejected all non-Sunni sects, and he condemned the worship of saints and what he considered to be dangerous innovations. His doctrine, which became known as Wahhabism, would become the basis for state-building by the Saud family, an alliance of the sword with the Koran. After several failures the kingdom as we know it today was built at the beginning of the last century by Abdel Aziz Ibn Saud, who widened its borders and made the country a founding member of the United Nations in 1945.

Despite numerous challenges, including one posed in the 1960s by Arab nationalism led by Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser, the monarchy maintained the stability of its reign through this alliance with the religious hierarchy. The ulemas, as guardians of dogma, watched over the religious conformity of the king's decisions, but they also legitimized the Saud dynasty. When they did try to oppose the government (by, for example, rejecting the introduction of the telephone and television and the education of girls), they were forced to yield.

In the 1980s, in an attempt to co-opt an Islamist wave stemming from the Iranian revolution of 1979 and the occupation of the Great Mosque in Mecca by a radical Islamist group, the government developed a much more Islamist rhetoric, imposing stricter rules concerning the segregation of women and emphasizing the closing of the country to foreign influences. It also established more Islamic universities, which would become the fermenting agent for future protest movements. It encouraged jihad against the Soviets, but—just as in Egypt, where President Anwar Sadat had favored Islamic fundamentalists—this Islamization would come back to haunt the monarchy.

The Saudi government's appeal to the United States for protection after Iraq's 1990 invasion of Kuwait was met with protest from some of the clerics, even though the regime had obtained an approving fatwa from the religious establishment. From that day forward, it was the kingdom's relationship with the United States and the presence of US troops on Saudi soil (as well as the corruption and antidemocratic nature of the regime) that would mobilize the Islamist opposition. This was severely repressed in the mid-1990s, but in the prisons and under torture, Islamist activists would become even more radicalized and go on to violent rebellion, with the first attacks coming in 1995–96. Muhammad Mahfoudh, a Shiite intellectual, noted, "The government should have engaged in a national dialogue at that time, but it did so only ten years later. Wasn't that already too late?"

During this crucial period, in 1995, King Fahd suffered a debilitating stroke, and the kingdom itself was afflicted with a certain paralysis of power. Crown Prince Abdullah, commander of the National Guard, assumed the regency, but he was seriously hemmed in by his half-brothers: Sultan, the defense minister; Nayef, the interior minister; and Salman, the governor of Riyadh. Each of them led a virtual state-within-a-state, with tens of thousands of dependent civil servants. The fact that by 2000 Fahd, Abdullah and Sultan were all around the age of 75 did not encourage innovation, even though Fahd affirmed his desire for moderate reform.

September 11, 2001, marked a turning point in the history of the kingdom. Not only did relations with the United States, which had always been an ally, become strained, but a part of the royal family became aware of the danger posed by religious extremism, which until then had been encouraged. The May 2003 attacks in Riyadh, in which thirty-four people were killed, followed by a series of other Al Qaeda actions on Saudi territory, intensified the internal debate and eventually forced the clergy to choose between their allegiance to the regime and their sympathy for Osama bin Laden. Although a small faction called for armed opposition, the rest rallied to the side of the monarchy. There followed an intense debate on jihad, the place of Islam and the extremist quality of some religious discourse. At the December 2005 summit of the Organization of the Islamic Conference, a declaration stressed that Islam was a religion of the center (*wassatiyyah*), which rejects "excess, extremism and narrowness of mind." The debate affected the entire Islamic sphere.

Described by scholar Stéphane Lacroix as one of the "liberal Islamists," Sheik Abdelaziz al-Gassim is a role model for young people who have flirted with radicalism; from him they learn to reconcile Islam with political liberalism. He heads a legal organization that produced studies on Sharia. Gassim speaks with calm and conviction and talks with pleasure about his travels to Europe. For him "the most important change is opening up the field of religion to debate. The state has always wanted to control the religious institution; now it's trying to open it up. All the

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more so now that the deaths of Sheiks Ben Baz and Ben Uthaymin, the two great ulemas whose authority was undisputed, have created a void that no one can fill. That makes it more difficult for the government to use the religious institution, because the latter has lost some of its credibility."

The liberal Islamists are, however, subject to harsh attacks, sometimes in the press but more often in extremely animated forums on the Internet. Some have been intimidated into silence, like the bestselling author Sheik Ayed al-Qarni, who in December, in announcing his decision to abandon preaching (*da'wa*), denounced the combined "slander" of the modernists and the radicals. He seems to have recently gone back on his decision, but the incident symbolizes the violence of religious polemics. However, the key point is that this debate is now taking place in the very heart of society, that it is public and that it allows everyone to express himself freely. A culture of dialogue is beginning to develop in this kingdom, which until now has been so closed.

The attack on oil installations in Buqayq at the end of February shows that nothing has been settled, even if the suppression of armed groups has made some headway. As Saudi society changes, it will aspire to more freedoms, to a more certain future, to transformation of the old structures. Will the new king be able to answer these demands even as the entire region is plagued by instability, and Iraq is involved in a war that, sooner or later, will have repercussions for its southern neighbor? ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

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here—are at best irrelevant and at worst misleading. For example, Potter's assertion that 31 percent of Coke workers in Colombian plants belong to a union takes into account only full-time employees, disregarding the 75 percent who are part-time or contract employees. And while it's true that some Colombian unions support the company, the union that has called for the boycott, SINALTRAINAL, represents more than two-thirds of Coke's unionized workers (some 400 of 600 employees). Other unions are smaller (SINALTRAINBEC reportedly has 10 workers) and/or have directly benefited from the dismantling of SINALTRAINAL (for example, IUF affiliate SICO replaced it at the Carepa plant after Isidro Gil's murder).

The IUF has taken its lead from its Colombian affiliates, which have been more conciliatory in their negotiations with management. Even so, the IUF has far from given Coke a pass on its human rights record. After the recent vote against the boycott by British student groups, the IUF's general secretary cautioned, "Coca-Cola must recognize that the vote was essentially about the tactical value of a boycott. The vast majority of UK students share the IUF's view that the Coca-Cola Company must guarantee respect for human and trade union rights throughout its global system and must put in place credible mechanisms to deliver on this guarantee...if Coca-Cola does not deliver something that union members, students and customers will accept, then those who have claimed that the only thing the company understands is the damage to market and reputation that a successful boycott might bring will be proved right"—hardly a ringing endorsement for the company. The call for a boycott in the UK, meanwhile, was not "overwhelmingly defeated" but was narrowly stopped by a 300–259 vote, a close margin for an organization that represents some 700 British campuses.

Regarding India, while no one denies the economic benefits brought by the bottling plants, they do not negate the clearly documented effects of water depletion and pollution. Nor do any number of awards—like the vaunted Golden Peacock, which comes from an environmental organization sponsored by Coca-Cola India that proudly sports the Coke logo on its website!

Potter fails to dispute any of the facts in my article, instead relying on misleading exonerations by third parties. He uses tactics Coke has, sadly, too often employed—blunting criticism with PR spin. In our interview Potter told me that Coke pulled out of an independent investigation into the Colombian situation by universities and nonprofits, including the Workers Rights Consortium (the respected nonprofit that investigated Nike's sweatshop abuses), because it was afraid the group was biased against it. Coke is participating in a new investigation by the International Labor Organization, a UN group with no track record—and one on which Potter serves as company representative. A similar investigation in India is being conducted by an environmental group that—yes, that's right—lists Coke among its corporate sponsors.

To answer the Pepsi question: Pepsi has certainly had its problems with human rights and the environment. Like Coke, it has been targeted for its aggressive marketing of bottled water and accused of depleting and contaminating groundwater in India (though not as extensively as Coke). In the late 1990s Pepsi was subjected to a successful boycott over a bottling partnership with the repressive regime in Myanmar (Burma). And Pepsi has been equally blamed for soda's role in the US childhood obesity epidemic. But human rights campaigners have not accused Pepsi of the same level of unionbusting as Coke, or of complicity with murder and kidnapping of union leaders. Activists I spoke with see Coke as unique in the scope of its abuses; furthermore, some hope that by pressuring the industry leader (Coke), they can compel the entire soft drink industry to implement a stricter code on human rights. So, many of the student campaigns have been encouraging their administrators to switch from Coke to Pepsi as the lesser of two evils. MICHAEL BLANDING

THE TIMES THEY WERE A-CHANGIN'

West Hollywood, Calif.

■ In his interesting and very often acute review of my book about Elia Kazan ["Compromising Positions," March 13], David Bromwich quotes me thus: "Changing times, quite legitimately beget changing friends, changing loyalties, changing principles," and calls it a "bizarre line of defense," adding, "What is the right number of changes of principle for one person in one lifetime?"

I would respond, "Oh, one should do you." If the essentially tragic history of the American left's relationship to Stalinism teaches us anything, it is that thousands of people eventually came to a point at which, in principle, they could no longer stand with the Communist Party or the vertiginous shifts in its line and passed over, often enough in great anguish and at great personal cost, from support of its policies to opposition. Similarly difficult shifts in allegiance occur in other realms—for example, those who leave the Catholic Church for another form of religious belief.

It seems "bizarre" to me to insist that everyone must, world without end, cling to the beliefs of their childhood or to the passions of their young man- or womanhood. Thoughtful, intelligent people are entitled to change ideological positions as they grow older and (possibly) wiser. That their former co-religionists will call this "selling out" is a predictable consequence of such changes. So is the fact that new loyalties and friendships will inevitably result from the embrace of radically revised ideological stances. Since we are dealing with human beings, the possibility that a change in belief may be cynically dictated cannot be dismissed. On the other hand, we cannot ignore the equally real possibility that we may also be looking at growth, a coming to maturity. RICHARD SCHICKEL

ONE LESS 'S'

■ In Hasdai Westbrook's "The Israel Divestment Debate" (May 8), the organization JVP is Jewish *Voice* for Peace, not Voices.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

On Native Grounds

DANIEL LAZARE

THE DIVIDED GROUND: Indians, Settlers, and the Northern Borderland of the American Revolution.
By Alan Taylor.
Knopf. 542 pp. $35.

According to the official mythology, the American Revolution was a struggle between plain, homespun-clad patriots and arrogant redcoats determined to keep them under the heel of George III. The reality was, of course, more complicated. There were well-to-do whites who supported independence and a surprising number of lower-class ones who did not. There were free blacks who fought in the Continental Army and slaves who were royalist nearly to the man (or woman), running away to British lines at the first opportunity. There were also the Indians, some of whom supported the Patriot cause but most of whom sided with the British in the belief that they were the only force capable of restraining the tidal wave of settlers engulfing Indian land.

Alan Taylor's *The Divided Ground* is a comprehensive account of this last group from the Revolutionary period to the first years of the nineteenth century in what is now western New York, Pennsylvania and Ontario. The story is an unremittingly dreary one. During the war, the Indians were a valuable commodity, thanks to their superb fighting skills. Their faces painted red, blue and black, their heads completely shaven except for a central ridge of hair known as a scalp lock, they would creep silently through the forest only to erupt in terrifying screams at the moment of attack. British commanders considered 300 Indian warriors "in the Woods" to be worth 1,000 ordinary soldiers, which is why both sides bid so vigorously for their services.

Daniel Lazare is the author, most recently, of The Velvet Coup: The Constitution, the Supreme Court, and the Decline of American Democracy *(Verso). He is currently at work on a book about the politics of Christianity, Judaism and Islam for Pantheon.*

Once the fighting was over, however, their presence became suddenly inconvenient for British colonial officers in Canada and American politicians alike. The Indians were frightening, and they were an impediment to economic progress. "I am confident that sooner or later...no men will be suffered to live by hunting on lands capable of improvement, and which would support more people under a state of cultivation," a US general named Benjamin Lincoln remarked after visiting New York's western frontier in 1792. The insufferable hunters in question were of course the Indians, who Lincoln said would "dwindle and moulder away...until the whole race shall become extinct" unless they changed their ways.

General Lincoln's prediction proved all too accurate: The Indians did not change and so fell by the wayside. But this, too, is part of the official mythology, which

In relentless detail, Divided Ground *takes apart the myth that Indian society's demise was the inevitable product of cultural clash.*

holds that the demise of Indian society was the product of a cultural clash that nobody could prevent and, consequently, was nobody's fault. But *The Divided Ground* takes apart this myth, showing in relentless detail how official bad faith and ill will helped undermine the Indians' position and speed their demise. "It seems natural to Whites," one Indian leader observed, "to look on lands in the possession of Indians with an aching heart, and never to rest 'till they have planned them out of them." This was true of British officials in what was then known as Upper Canada, but even more so of New York Governor George Clinton and his cronies in Albany, who at one point pressured the Oneida Indians to part with more than 500 square miles of land that, over the next two years, they succeeded in reselling at a 1,000 percent markup. Land was the Oneidas' one bankable asset, yet Taylor shows how by 1802 state politicians

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had managed to relieve them of two-thirds of their holdings from just seven years earlier, a massive expropriation—there is no other word for it—that sent them into a tailspin. The Oneidas tried to control their fate by leasing their land rather than selling it outright or by demanding a fair-market price. But they found themselves blocked or outmaneuvered at every turn. Like the rest of the Iroquois tribes, they didn't just fall off a cliff—they were pushed.

Still, Lincoln's point is not easily dismissed. There was simply no way the Indians could continue in their old ways without courting disaster. As Taylor shows, they were victims of what was most fundamentally a revolution in land-use policies. Where the Indians used the forest to hunt, fish and engage in small-scale tillage, the settlers laid siege to it, chopping down the trees and shooting the deer to make room for livestock, crops, towns and mills. However much latter-day Greens may romanticize the Indian way of life, there is no doubt as to which was the more productive. It took a lot of land to support a small number of Indians but comparatively little land to produce a swarm of whites. The invaders cut roads, dug canals and transformed the countryside to the point where Indians were soon reduced to harmless curiosities to be gaped at by tourists on their way to the Niagara Falls some 200 miles to the west. They were rendered literally homeless. By 1810 whites outnumbered Oneidas in their own territory by 60 to 1.

Differing land-use policies both reflected and reinforced differing political practices that were no less crippling. The Yankees flooding into the Mohawk Valley during this period were descendants of English Puritans who, a century or two earlier, had all but invented the concept of the modern businessman. They adhered to a written culture of deeds, treaties and contracts, one in which time was money and the purpose of a meeting was not to engage in empty palaver but to get to the point in as short order as possible. That of the Indian was the opposite: an oral culture based on eloquence, consensus and the constant reaffirmation of common values. Where one was restless and dynamic, the other was traditional. Where one group had leaders empowered to represent the larger community, the other was leery of the very idea of leadership and representation. Instead of deferring to the majority, dissidents in an Indian community always had the option of heading off into the forest vastness and forming another band of their own. Rather than confronting their opponents, they simply melted away. This made for a more harmonious communal existence, particularly in contrast to the settlers, who were always competing and arguing among themselves. But it also meant that there was no "there" there from a Euro-American perspective, no duly constituted leaders with whom they could wheel and deal and get down to brass tacks. Indeed, the lack of what whites would regard as a firm political structure meant that there were numerous factions—warriors, elders, women agriculturalists and so on—that they could play off against one another, which made their policy of divide and conquer all the easier.

Land-use differences also reflected different forms of technology. Indians had long since entered the Iron Age and were expert in the use of knives and guns. But they were nearly helpless before the dual threat of the sawmill and the tavern. One robbed them of their forests while the other robbed them of their wits. "Drink no strong water," one Oneida advised his fellow tribesmen. "It makes you mice for white men, who are cats. Many a meal have they eaten of you." But the Indians would not, or could not, resist, which is why state politicians were careful to bring along a barrel of rum when negotiating land sales. Land-use practices also shaped notions of law and justice. As a consensus society, Indians were less concerned with holding individuals to account than with smoothing over differences in the interests of social cohesion. If one Indian killed another, it was up to the victim's family to exact revenge or the other side to make amends by offering gifts and "covering the grave." Both processes were highly ritualized. One missionary, according to Taylor, recalled seeing "a confronted Iroquois murderer calmly sit down to sing his death song while the avenger smoked a pipe for twenty minutes before plunging a tomahawk into the singer's skull." This was strange, certainly, but white notions of justice were in some ways even stranger. In 1791 the Iroquois leader Joseph Brant complained, in reference to an earlier murder, that "if a white man kills an Indian, the Crime is passed by with impunity, but if an Indian kills a white man, he is to be instantly delivered up to Justice." Federal Indian Commissioner Timothy Pickering noted that it was a maxim along the frontier "never to hang a white man for killing an Indian" and declared that the settlers were "far more savage & revengeful" than the so-called savages themselves. In western Pennsylvania, murders of Native Americans "became so frequent," according to Taylor, "that, in 1796, the secretary of war established $200 as the standard price for an Indian life."

While professing Christianity, settlers thus flouted the Golden Rule. As shocking as this was, Taylor notes, Indians would not have liked the criminal justice system any better had it been a model of evenhandedness. Whereas whites believed in a system that was formal and adversarial, Indians preferred one that was up close and personal. Harmony, social reinforcement and traditionalism were the goals, not justice in the modern sense of the word. But however attractive it may now seem, traditionalism had its dark side. Devastated by land losses and alcoholism, Indians in western New York increasingly returned to traditional religious practices after 1800 in an effort to restore a semblance of the old social balance. An Indian prophet named Handsome Lake gained a following by blaming witchcraft for many of the Indians' woes, and in 1804 an Indian council convicted two local women of dealing in poisonous potions and magic fetishes. The local chief promptly dispatched both by tomahawk. Taylor does not say what happened to the executioner, but it is difficult to know whether prosecuting him would have made things better or worse. Obviously, local officials could not stand by while a self-proclaimed prophet imposed a reign of terror. But preventing him meant interfering with the few remaining structures propping up Indian society. In the name of justice, the result would have been to plunge Indians all the more deeply into alcoholism, superstition and despair.

But there was a way out of this predicament via the construction of a sovereign authority over both settlers and Indians, an authority capable of holding the first group back while easing the second along the path to modernity. The task would not be easy. White racism was ferocious, while the Indians, especially the young males, were hostile to the slightest suggestion of change. They saw agriculture as women's work and viewed hiring themselves out to work for wages on neighboring farms as the deepest humiliation. Not unlike the European warrior class, they were aristocrats who viewed labor with disdain and believed that hunting and fighting were the only fit occupations for men of their ilk. Attitudes like these may have worked when the Indians had the forest all to themselves, but now that this was no longer the case, they were leading to catastrophe.

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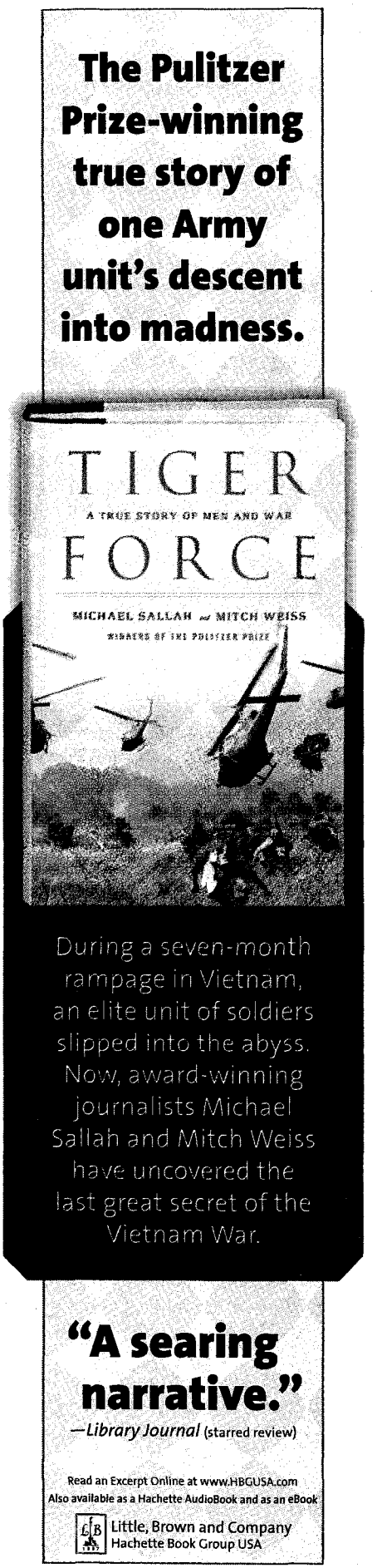
The new federal government set out to establish such an authority following ratification of the Constitution in 1788. Pickering, a rock-ribbed Federalist from Massachusetts, was Washington's choice to head up negotiations with the Iroquois. Among Pickering's first acts was to prohibit land sales without federal approval. Secretary of War Henry Knox, the prime mover behind the new Indian policy—and who once summed up his attitude toward rapacious state politicians with the words "Smite them, smite them, in the name of God and the people"—moved to place Indians under federal jurisdiction. In 1790 a Federalist-controlled Congress invalidated land purchases without federal approval. In 1793 it passed another law, imposing criminal penalties of $1,000 in fines or a year's imprisonment for violations.

As impressive as such initiatives were, Federalist policies eventually petered out. In 1795 the Washington Administration backed away from a showdown with New York over land purchases, which were somehow still continuing. The Administration had hoped for greater state cooperation when Federalist John Jay replaced George Clinton as governor in 1795, but Jay deferred to the land grabbers in the state legislature. While a supporter of the new federal government, Jay was also "the proud author," in Taylor's words, of New York's new state Constitution, which provided no authority for blocking an act of the state legislature once it had survived a veto by a special "Council of Revision." The coup de grâce came when Jefferson and his fellow "Republicans" (soon to be known as Democrats) swept the Federalists from office in the election of 1800. Although historian Sean Wilentz lauds Jefferson's triumph as a "democratic revolution" in his massive new study *The Rise of American Democracy*, it was something very different: a victory for states' rights advocates, Southern slaveholders and their racist-populist allies in the North and West. Taylor notes that the Federalists, despite their faults, were at least "willing (in the short term) to treat Indian sovereignty with some respect." The Jeffersonians, by contrast, "were eager, wherever possible, to dissolve diplomatic relations and to subject natives to the laws of particular states." The new President made his views known in 1803: "We presume that our strength and their weakness is now so visible, that they must see we have only to shut our hand to crush them." The message to his ally Clinton, back in the governorship after a brief Federalist interregnum, was unmistakable: New York could proceed with its expropriatory land policy with federal blessings.

The Divided Ground nicely complements Taylor's 1995 study *William Cooper's Town*, which received both a Pulitzer Prize and a Bancroft. Whereas the first exhaustively examined settler politics and society in frontier New York from the Revolutionary period on, the second turns its gaze on the Indians, whose demise allowed the settlers to flourish. *William Cooper's Town* was successful because it was structured as a portrait of Cooper and his family, including his son, James Fenimore Cooper, whose novels helped create the myth of the noble but doomed Indian. *The Divided Ground*, perhaps because it lacks an equally dramatic focus, seems excessively microcosmic. While presenting us with a wealth of data about Indian land sales, it tells us less of what we would like to know about policy debates at the federal level or of Indian-settler relations elsewhere in the new republic or, indeed, elsewhere in the world. After all, this was not the only spot in which Europeans and aboriginal peoples were encountering one another. The eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries would see many such collisions, in Central and South America, in Australia and the Pacific islands, in Siberia under both the czars and the Soviets, and so on. It would be nice to know if the experience in western New York was exceptionally bad or more or less the rule, but Taylor offers little in the way of context or comparison.

Still, what he does tell us is damning enough. Following their victory over France in the Seven Years' War (known in these parts as the French and Indian War of 1754–63), the British found themselves masters of what Taylor describes as a "composite" empire in North America consisting of British colonists along the Atlantic seaboard, French settlers along the St. Lawrence, Africans in southern coastal areas and various Indian tribes deeper in the interior. London regarded all of them as so many pawns to be moved about the imperial chessboard. In order to soothe ruffled feathers in Quebec, for instance, the British awarded it control over the entire Ohio Valley in 1774 with little thought as to the effect on neighboring New England. New Englanders were aghast. They coveted the territory themselves and were now astonished to see it in the hands of French Papists. In moving to the New World, they, like other English colonists, had assumed that they retained all the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rights of freeborn Englishmen back home. But even though they had been on the winning side of the Seven Years' War, they now found themselves being treated in the same way as the losers, or even a bit worse.

We are required to recalibrate our view of the revolution that erupted a short time later as a consequence. Rather than a revolt against imperialism, it was a revolt against being denied the full fruits of imperialist victory. Rather than a struggle for equality, it was a struggle by British North Americans for primacy among the various New World elements contending for control. Thus, the Continental Congress maintained immediately after the war that the Indians, having for the most part sided with the British, would have to bow to the dictates of their American conquerors and accept their fate as a defeated people. Siding with the Patriots was no guarantee of fair treatment, as the Oneidas were to discover. The Anglos were in control, which meant that all others would be reduced to drawers of water, hewers of wood. The Federalists strove for something a bit more equitable and civilized, but following Jefferson's "Revolution of 1800," the old "conquest theory," as Taylor calls it, was back in force. Although Taylor does not follow the story line beyond the 1810s, the conquest theory continued right up to the Civil War and, one way or another, has been with us ever since (the war in Iraq being merely the latest example of its externalization). Not only did the Indians pay a terrible price as a result, but so did blacks and other minorities. It is a legacy that no one wants to talk about, at least none of the oligarchs currently in control of the attenuated American Republic, which is why the old myths about freedom-loving patriots continue to hold sway. ■

On the Corner

DAVID MARGOLICK

ON THE TOWN: One Hundred Years of Spectacle in Times Square.
By Marshall Berman. Random House. 264 pp. $25.95.

Take the topic of Marshall Berman's new book, add the tempting subtitle and throw in a dazzling introduction, and you're pretty quickly seduced. Decade by decade, block by block, storefront by storefront, happening by happening, Berman seems poised to dissect—vivisect—what he calls "the most dynamic and intense urban space of the twentieth century." He will take us to the magic spot where Broadway, 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue converge and escort us through the birth of the electric light bulb, the Jazz Age, the Depression, World War II, urban renewal and Disneyfication.

But alas, instead of guiding us through the storied, tawdry, tumultuous heart of New York, Berman leads us on a series of long and disappointing detours. In his Times Square, the ball doesn't fall; it's muffed. And it's heartbreaking, given the irresistibility of the subject and the seemingly sure hands into which it has been entrusted.

When Berman, Distinguished Professor of Political Science at City College and the CUNY Graduate Center, writes that he really started thinking about Times Square in the 1990s, he sells himself short. Beginning with his childhood pilgrimages there from the Bronx, Times Square was a magic kingdom for him long before Michael Eisner and Mickey Mouse showed up. His father worked half a block away, and what better way to come to love a place than to frequent it with a beloved parent who dies young? Afterward, Berman took in Sunday brunches with his mother, for whom walking on its streets was, as she put it, like taking "a bath of light." He patronized its secondhand bookstores and magazine shops for decades, even after—he is refreshingly honest—they began peddling porn. And he spent thirty years teaching in the neighborhood, watching it decline from the world of *On the Town*—the musical, not this book—to that of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Taxi Driver*. When plans arose to clean all that up, Berman was in the middle of it all, kibitzing. He knows Times Square's every corner.

But it's the damndest thing: For much of this book, he can't seem to get away from the place fast enough. He gets away substantively, largely ignoring its rich, textured, demimondish history and launching into long pontifications about works of art—*Sister Carrie*, *Fancy Free*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Sex and the City*, *The Simpsons*—which, while connected to Times Square to varying degrees, are necessarily one step removed. His book reminded me of the moment when the giant Kodak photograph that once befouled the noble interior of Grand Central Terminal featured an image of—the noble interior of Grand Central Terminal. Why discuss some simulacrum when you can talk about the sights and sounds and smells of the real thing? And he gets away physically: Times Square quickly extends beyond "the deuce" (42nd Street) and the "bowtie" (the area just north of where Broadway and Seventh Avenue cross) to include the entire theater district and, in some instances, all of New York City.

Berman thereby pulls off a sleight of hand worthy of the Times Square con men, whom, like so many aspects of the neighborhood, he almost entirely ignores: For large stretches of his book, he makes Times Square itself disappear. Readers hungry for information about its history and folkways and evolution are sent on a scavenger hunt, unearthing a sentence here and a paragraph there before being led off on another digression. Many of the choicest tidbits about the place—usually discovered by others who have done their homework—are relegated to footnotes.

One senses the problem early on, when Berman first writes about Times Square's famous signs. (I say "first" because he returns repeatedly to the topic, sometimes to say almost precisely what he has said before. The book reads like a series of lectures given on different days, which he—and presumably his editor—have made little effort to stitch together.) He extols the work of Douglas Leigh, the man who designed two of Times Square's most iconic "fire signs"—the neon waterfall of Bond Clothes and the advertisement for Camel cigarettes (the one that blew out gigantic smoke rings)—which dominated the scene in the 1940s. When he calls Leigh "one of Times Square's unsung heroes," one savors what he is about to sing. But he does nothing of the sort. Instead, he moves on.

The same is true for the history of the place generally: He's too busy strutting his intellectual stuff to offer any of it very systematically. "The energy I hoped to ex-

David Margolick is a contributing editor at Vanity Fair *and the author, most recently, of* Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling and a World on the Brink *(Knopf).*

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pend in a general chapter on Times Square in the 1920s got channeled instead into a chapter-long essay on Al Jolson and *The Jazz Singer*," he concedes at one point. This becomes the pattern: a distraction per decade. Berman's book (is it not the height of chutzpah, not to say confusing, to give it the same title as one of the classic depictions of Times Square, one he writes about at great length?) is *ongepotchket*, thrown together, and it's not enough to argue, as he does, that because disarray is one of the things that makes Times Square great, it's good enough for a book about it, too.

Berman does make some crucial points about Times Square, again and again. In these instances, at least, the repetition works; thanks to his intelligence, sense of romance and way with words, he crystallizes things beautifully, thrillingly and always in a slightly different but penetrating way. Uniquely dense, dynamic and democratic, Times Square to him is the quintessential urban experience—"a kind of human greenhouse where everyone can grow." For more than a century, "being attuned to Times Square's overfullness has been one of the basic ways of being at home in New York." Times Square is a place that "makes people want to dance, but also makes ordinary walking feel like dancing and ordinary people feel like dancers," a place "where you feel the city is hugging you," a place "that wakes people up and makes them feel alive, more alive than they are supposed to be." What makes Times Square work for him is not just its radiance but its wickedness; it is not some antiseptic Santa Monica mall of a city but "a *chupah* for the marriage between heaven and hell."

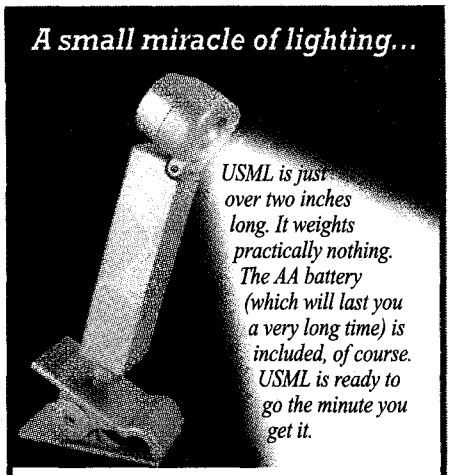
For Berman, what captures the spirit of Times Square—its promise, its optimism, its sexuality—better than anything is Alfred Eisenstaedt's classic photograph, taken on V-J Day, of a sailor exuberantly kissing—really, almost knocking her off her feet—a nurse in the middle of the street. In the years to come, Berman points out, demagogic red-state politicians would drive a wedge between New York and the rest of the country; but on that day, in that picture, Times Square represented all of America. It is, he says, "one of our archetypal images of fulfillment." But here, too, he quickly derails himself, launching into a mildly interesting but largely irrelevant discussion of the enduring sex appeal of sailors and their tendency to foment revolutions.

Berman returns repeatedly, and interestingly, to the history of women in Times Square: how the place liberated them early from traditionally sexist American mores by providing a safe place to earn livings as shopgirls and secretaries and chorines; how it became a forbidding place for them during the Depression and beyond; and how, in recent years, women have not just returned but taken over, holding key positions in its makeover. Indeed, to Berman the feminization has gone entirely too far; he depicts some of these officials as Comstocks who've robbed Times Square of its signature raciness.

There are occasional descriptions of what Times Square looked like. In the 1940s, Berman writes, it "had an amazing array of hangouts: bars, dance halls, cheap cafeterias (automats were in their prime), gyms, vaudeville and movie houses, burlesque shows, every class of nightspots, brothels." But he stops there. He drops teasing references to such local landmarks as Lindy's, Toffinetti's, the Astor Bar, Horn & Hardart, the Playland Arcade and Hubert's Museum (where, he neglects to mention, Jack Johnson appeared in his final sad days) but, predictably, doesn't elaborate. New York's Municipal Archives has photographs taken between 1939 and 1941 of every single block in Manhattan, Times Square included. Could Berman not have hopped on the 2/3 train? And given his knowledge and love for the place, would they not have conjured up an extraordinary number of memories and observations?

Berman also offers brief references to how the Square has changed over time—how it became not just more impoverished but also more democratized and politicized and sophisticated in the Popular Front years of the 1930s, then waxed fat in the affluence following World War II, then went into precipitous decline. By the 1960s, it housed a thriving heroin market; emerging from the library or the theater, he recalls, one sometimes heard gunshots. Berman describes how, for a time, he had to walk the women in his classes to the subway and the Port Authority, steering clear of 42nd Street altogether. Once, he witnessed a man smash another man's skull with a club.

One wishes he offered more such reflections. Instead, he never saw a tangent, or sine or cosine, he could resist. "If this were a different book," he writes at one point, "I would argue that the first up-from-the-bottom modern star was Jean-Jacques Rousseau." But it's not, and he doesn't. Sometimes, he even admits it. "I may even be cutting corners," he writes while discussing the film *The Last Detail*, whose characters, he concedes, "never reach Times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IN OUR ORBIT

Love Letters

RUTH BALDWIN

DOUBLE LIVES: American Writers' Friendships.
By Richard Lingeman. Random House. 272 pp. $24.95.

Toward the end of his life F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote in his notebook, "I talk with the authority of failure—Ernest with the authority of success. We could never sit across the table again." Fitzgerald, who had recognized Ernest Hemingway as "an equal and my kind of idealist," now watched as the talented young man he had championed in Paris in the 1920s eclipsed him in both fame and fortune. Hemingway, who had once turned to Fitzgerald for editing advice on *The Sun Also Rises*, now cruelly satirized his former friend in *A Moveable Feast*. Yet as Richard Lingeman observes, "slender filaments of nostalgia trailing back to the good times in Paris" still held them together. This fraught mixture of respect and contempt defined their relationship to the end. Following Fitzgerald's death in 1940, Hemingway told his biographer Arthur Mizener, "I never had any respect for him" but then added, "except for his lovely, golden, wasted talent."

The complexity of literary friendship is the subject of this perceptive, elegantly written study by Lingeman, a senior editor at *The Nation* who is also the biographer of Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser. The title, *Double Lives*, recalls Cicero's observation that "A friend is, as it were, a second self." In his pairings, Lingeman draws upon letters and journals to explore each writer's need for understanding and recognition from another who shares his or her solitary and anxious vocation.

While rivalry poisoned the friendship between Hemingway and Fitzgerald, many of these friendships, in their best moments, capture Cicero's idea of a "second self." Mark Twain and William Dean Howells gave each other editorial guidance and support throughout their long careers; Sarah Orne Jewett encouraged the younger Willa Cather to reconnect with Nebraska and discover her true sexuality. The 1850 meeting of a shy, reticent Nathaniel Hawthorne and a passionate, egotistical Herman Melville is described as an especially fortuitous moment in American literature. Despite their clashing personalities, Melville recognized himself in what he called Hawthorne's "Calvinistic sense of Innate Depravity and Original Sin." They lived for a while as neighbors and would meet for long conversations over brandy and cigars. Lingeman writes that it was during this period of camaraderie and understanding that Melville found the confidence to plumb new depths in his "hell-fired novel" and complete his masterpiece, *Moby-Dick*. While they drifted apart with age—Melville increasingly jealous that Hawthorne's "dark sun" had eclipsed his own reputation—Melville's sorrow at his old friend's death in 1864 was profound.

As readers we think of certain books as old friends. The great charm of *Double Lives* is that it reintroduces us to their authors, casting them in a fresh light. We learn that Melville loved to dress up and that, clad as a Spanish cavalier on horseback, he delighted Hawthorne and his son, Julian. We imagine Fitzgerald, Zelda and Hemingway together again in the early days, on a misguided rainy road trip in France in a car with no roof. We travel with heiress Edith Wharton on her exotic and opulent escapades across Europe with her great friend Henry James in tow, his company offering her an intellectual escape from her unbearable husband, Teddy. And we experience vicariously the warm affection of the young Kerouac, Ginsberg and Cassidy, who shared beds, drinks, drugs and women as they invented the Beat narrative.

The duel biographies in *Double Lives* reveal both the pitfalls and the promise offered by literary friendship. However, the greatest and most sustaining of these friendships are those that were able to transcend the rivalry of writing. Never was this truer than in the tender relationship between the younger Wharton and older James. Following the death of her great friend in 1916, Wharton wrote: "We who knew him well know how great he would have been if he had never written a line." ■

Square." (Incidentally, how is it possible to write about "one hundred years of spectacle in Times Square" and fail to mention—even once—the most famous Times Square spectacle of all, the one that happens every New Year's Eve? Like most New Yorkers, I wouldn't be caught dead at it, but I'd be curious to know how the tradition originated and how it has evolved.)

Berman writes as if he's so burdened with knowledge—according to the press materials accompanying the book, he "has a cult following that has nicknamed him 'Mr. New York' "—that he doesn't know where to begin. So, all too often, he doesn't. And when he does return to the topic ostensibly at hand, it's sometimes a reach. I don't remember that the mythical city in F.W. Murnau's *Sunrise* resembled New York at all, let alone Times Square. Similarly, just how is that famous Oscar Levant wisecrack—that he knew Doris Day before she was a virgin—"one of the all-time classic Times Square jokes?" Berman suggests it's because Levant said it to Jack Paar; but according to Levant's biographer, Sam Kashner, Levant's bons mots on Paar's program were usually recycled from years earlier; this one, Kashner speculates, probably originated 3,000 miles away, at Chasen's or some other Hollywood hangout. There's no evidence that Levant made the comment to Paar, by the way, and even if he did, Paar filmed his show at Rockefeller Center. Is that now part of Times Square, too?

Berman has several annoying tics. He uses certain words—bildung, canonical, dyad—too often. He can't stop attacking the same easy targets, often in nearly identical language: the Interstate Highway System (for killing American cities); Jerome Robbins and Abe Burrows (for ratting to the House Un-American Activities Committee); Gerald Ford (for telling New York to drop dead); Rudy Giuliani (for being Rudy Giuliani). He makes flip comments of dubious validity—e.g., that there are probably fewer virgins walking around Times Square today than ever before. He's a serial showoff—somehow, you just know Walter Benjamin will eventually make an appearance here, and he doesn't disappoint—and he drops names, sometimes quite literally. Maybe George Bernard Shaw's friends called him "Bernard" but must Berman, too—repeatedly? (He also can't resist extraneous parenthetical information—for instance, that Isaiah Berlin was his supervisor at Oxford.)

And for all of his obvious energy, he can be lazy. How hard could it have been

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to check whether Artie Shaw did indeed play in Times Square on V-J Day, as he surmises, or whether it was Frank Sinatra or Gene Kelly who asks, "Where's the fire?" as the cops chase them through Times Square in *On the Town*? And Google could have revealed whether Starbucks is named after the character in *Moby-Dick*. When, in his recently published memoir, Bob Dylan moves Jack Dempsey's famous theater district restaurant nine blocks north of where it actually was, Berman fumes: "Is there nobody old at Simon and Schuster who remembers, or nobody young who has read, all about the years when Jack Dempsey was king of Times Square?" But he misspells Starbucks and refers to its head honcho, Howard Schulz, as "David"; what should we infer about Berman—or Random House—from that?

Near the end of his book, Berman walks the streets of the twenty-first-century version of Times Square. It's what he should have been doing, metaphorically at least, all along, and it is bracing, provocative and surprising: He actually likes what he sees. Its big new buildings aren't as bad as he feared; and while the signs are dull—Clear Channel Communications, which owns many of them, is in thrall to the Christian right, he says—the crowds are vital and diverse. "I find today's Square's exploding lights and multicultural crowds as hot and sexy as any I've ever known, if people would only stretch themselves to look and feel," he writes. But here, too, he disappoints. Does Times Square remain an integral part of contemporary New York, or is it merely a pit stop for teenagers and tourists? How many New Yorkers hang out there now, as Murray and Betty Berman did so many decades ago, strolling, gazing, dining, dreaming? Is Berman's young son amassing memories of the sort that still animate his father? These seem like important questions, but Berman doesn't even ask them, let alone provide any answers.

Marshall Berman is amusing and erudite and public-spirited and passionate. His intellectual range, from Montesquieu to the Beastie Boys, is astonishing. His interests and enthusiasms belie and defy his age. He loves New York, bleeds over its wounds, loathes the yahoos and philistines who run it down. But he's way too much in love with the sound of his own voice. It's a strange thing to say about so cocksure a guide, but by failing to exert a bit of discipline and stick to his subject, he shortchanges himself. Worse, he shortchanges Times Square. ■

Discovery/*The Nation* '06 Prizewinners

The Nation *announces the winners of Discovery/*The Nation *'06, the Joan Leiman Jacobson Poetry Prize. Now in its thirty-second year, it is an annual contest for poets whose work has not been published previously in book form. The new winners are Nicky Beer, Eric Leigh, Shara Lessley and Sandy Tseng. This year's judges are James Richardson, Laurie Sheck and Elizabeth Spires. As in the past, manuscripts are judged anonymously. Distinguished former winners of Discovery/*The Nation *include Michael Collier, Susan Mitchell, Katha Pollitt, Mary Jo Salter, Sherod Santos, Arthur Smith, Ann Townsend and Philip Schultz. This year's Discovery/*The Nation *event, featuring readings by the four winners, is scheduled for 8:15 PM on Monday, May 8, at The Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Avenue (92nd Street and Lexington Avenue) in New York City.* —*Grace Schulman, poetry editor*

Woman in a Stanza

I have seized the very edge
of my life as though
it were a grappling-hook.

Once I had a body
of *indescribable lushness.*
Then a mouth that was
all obscene invitation.

Then the rush of gray
made me someone's mother,
then a rigid mockingbird,
then a mother again.

I am certain that beyond me there
are possibilities
that strain the very limits
of astonishment.

Two bodies folded
into a spasm of exclamation.
A gnarled tree wrought
from pure history.

A city, and a city,
and a city, and another
city, each one vacant and inviolate. Yet always

this antiphon, blanched
and wholly complete.
One day I will see
the horror of my total

self: a vivisection
laid out in tidy, separate
dishes, oddly bloodless.

Nicky Beer

though the days were cut short

it does not ease our waiting;
we hear the rumors and sounds of war,
how the dead come home
by phone, by the arrangement
of white gladiola,
by the contents of their pockets

when he leaves it's dark
morning and the door he locks
behind him reminds us
that love and war are companions;
this is the door that separates
the wounded from the able

today we learn a new word,
we count our supplies,
change the advisory from yellow
to orange, orange to yellow—
we do not plan on running
to the house to get our belongings

Sandy Tseng

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Loren Goldner

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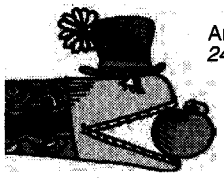

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Harm's Way

I've brought you here, to the base of the great tower
where you can see the two bridges that hold this city
and imagine the places they might take you,
because I believe in staging and the prop of the moon.

Because I want this evening to be aria,
the eye of the storm where the lead actor turns
to face the crowd and comes clean with what he knows.
But sometimes there's no music in the truth.

Especially right now, with me about to break
your heart and possibly my own. Soon, certain words
will turn me into cell counts, the roulette wheel
of the centrifuge spinning quietly in your head.

So I stall with small talk, how the tower was built
for those who fought the flames of the great quake.
Now tourists pay ten bucks a head for a view
those firemen never knew. I rail on

until you place your hand against my chest,
the same spot my mother always touched,
every time she slammed the brakes,
her arm flying out in front of me to hold me back,

no matter the seat belt around my waist.
"I never think," she always said, "my arm just goes…"
her voice trailing off into a quiet where the best part
of us resides. Some sentences cannot be finished,

others can barely be started. As I say the words,
I am steeled for the way that your eyes widen,
how your lips part and your jaw goes slack.
But for all of my rehearsal, I never thought you might,

in the shadow of the monument built for those
who were once lost, take my face in your hands
and reclaim me with a kiss, house lights
in the distance being darkened one by one.

Eric Leigh

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The Firebird

Ballet Russes: *Tamara Karsavina, June 1910*

Breast
  thrust frontward,
 her point-work's *one-three-two one-two* proves
  (pride, fear, pleading, might) more
to flight than either feather or

wing.
  Everything
 about this bird is built for likeness—
  beveled tail arched back, she
razes the air about her. Even

the
  huntsman burns:
 plucking her coxcomb, the fire-dazzled
  image singed in his noble
glove. Of bodice, plumage, costume,

crown,
  only her
 ruin seems human—yes, hers is that
  old tale in a nutshell:
the egg contains the soul. Threatened,

her
  delicate
 honeycombed bones wrench back to divert
  the magician king. Love's
ultimate sacrifice! Art,

none-
  theless, knows
 too the meaning of stillness: so gives
  the bird her final pose
as her prince (with his mistress) departs—

though
  who, when pressed
 to detect on that darkened stage even
  the slightest quiver, could
fail to recognize the remark-

able quickness of her caged-in heart?

Shara Lessley

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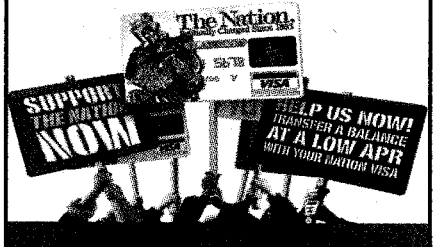

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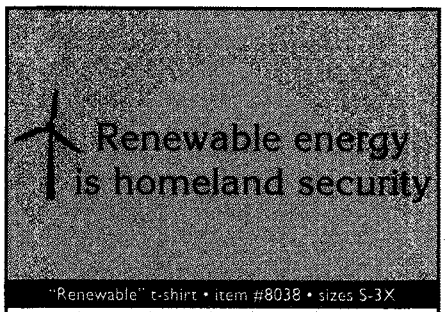

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FILMS

Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

STUART KLAWANS

THREE TIMES • ART SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL • LADY VENGEANCE • ARMY OF SHADOWS

The deepest, most affecting moment of acting I've seen recently—the truest moment—passes in silence, almost as if nothing had happened. A man sits still, wordless, and after a while turns his eyes to the left, then passes his hand over his face. Behind him, a woman stands, swallows, blinks, manages half a smile. That's all there is to the climax of Hou Hsiao-hsien's *Three Times*—and by "all," I mean that's the entire course of these characters' lives, plus the fate of nations and the summation of a master filmmaker's art, condensed into a few gestures. They last five seconds and seem never to end.

It's like the tactile memory of a familiar hand in yours, recollected involuntarily at a funeral service. Moviegoers who have raptly followed Hou's work over the years may expect such fullness and evanescence in *Three Times*, such subtlety combined with power; but they may be surprised at the extraordinary level of artifice that he practices here, while still touching you vividly.

To discuss the artifice, I need to explain that *Three Times* is like an anthology—one of those movies in which different filmmakers tell short, thematically related stories—but directed by Hou alone, with the same actors starring in all of the segments. Part one, "A Time for Love," takes place in 1966 in the towns of Kaohsiung and Huwei and is a quiet, droll, perfectly realized tale of new romance, as discovered in a tiny poolroom. Part three, "A Time for Youth," takes place in 2005 in Taipei and is noisy, fractured, restless—a centerless collision of sexed-up bodies, digital photos and cell-phone messages. The middle section, where you reach that heart-stopping climax, is called "A Time for Freedom." It takes place in Dadaocheng in 1911—and since that was the era before talking pictures, Hou uses intertitles in the segment instead of spoken dialogue. When words fail the characters, it happens in a part of the movie that's already "silent."

This conceit, in itself, might have distanced you from the emotional core; and yet there's more. The actors (Chang Chen and Shu Qi) are distractingly gorgeous; the setting for this segment (a high-toned brothel) continually catches your eye in rich surfaces, carved, embroidered or glazed; the light, ostensibly cast by kerosene lamps, pools like nectar in the room's volume, so that it becomes a presence of its own. The camera, as it pans through the space, seems to tug at you with gentle insistence; while the soundtrack's exquisite solo piano music winds through events, like ivy threading itself into a building. Sensual refinement threatens to engulf the story's devastating human problem.

And then there's the biggest distancing device of all: history. Toward the end of this segment, a title tersely announces "The Wuchang Uprising." The Chinese revolution has begun; the liberation of Taiwan from Japan may be at hand—but offscreen. For the prostitute played by Shu Qi, and for the viewer, nothing changes, except that a young girl is brought into the brothel and begins her music lessons.

Hou has exploited this sort of dramatic irony before—in *Puppetmaster*, for example, where the end of World War II happens incidentally, in voiceover, while the narrator busies himself with more immediate concerns. Yet as ironies go, Hou's are peculiarly warm and intimate. However limited his people may be in the face of circumstance, their personalities are somehow never diminished. In this segment of *Three Times*, Chang Chen's character (a liberal journalist) is pathetically blind to the futility of his political hopes; but he still understands, however unwillingly, the worst consequence of his high-mindedness, in the damage done to his favorite prostitute. Whatever the fortunes of Taiwan, there will be no freedom for her. As this truth hits home and he sits wordless, covering his face, his suffering is palpable—though much less terrible than her suffering, when it's wrenched into the form of that trembling half-smile.

Now that I've made a big deal out of

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this one moment, let me admit that all the others in *Three Times* are equally good. In the enchanting 1966 episode—the one that's closest to Hou's own experience—Chang Chen also dips his head, having been stumped into silence; but from a gesture that's strikingly similar to the journalist's, he draws not anguish but deadpan comedy. Later, in the role of the dream girl, Shu Qi performs her own miracle, triumphing over the actor's great challenge of pretending to be surprised. When Chang Chen, after long absence, walks into the poolroom where she works, she doubles over in breathless laughter, and by this feat redeems not only him but the whole world.

You get no comparable moment of satisfaction in the third episode, but that's because dissatisfaction is the ruling emotion of Hou's Taipei 2005. "No past, no future," Shu Qi's character says of herself—a telling comment in a movie that until now has been all about memories and hopes—"just a greedy present." If that's indeed the situation, then Hou gives you the hunger raw. In the role of a pop singer, Shu Qi intones a trance-drone ditty on the stage of a club while Chang Chen circles her at a distance of two inches, compulsively gulping her image (and starving himself) by taking photo after photo.

Since entire dissertations could be written—and probably will be—about links among the episodes in *Three Times*, I will not even open that subject. Hou draws your attention to the different lighting fixtures used in each era, the different types and roles of written communication, the shifting foreign influences that the characters must adopt or resist, the radically changed circumstances for women. No, I haven't yet started—because as *Three Times* plays and replays in memory, it keeps deepening, expanding, growing more complex, as one of those rare films whose life truly begins not on the screen but in your mind.

So I conclude with a warning: "If you see only one movie this year, make it *Three Times*!" Hou Hsiao-hsien wants your experience to be so rich and complete that it could, conceivably, make other films unnecessary. By all means, go to see his new picture. But be prepared to clear your schedule.

In the coin toss of college life, art students are the great wobblers, stuck on edge and unable to fall. They don't seem to know whether they're waiting for inspiration or sitting around bored, fooling other people into thinking they're talented or fooling just themselves, pining away for love or avoiding work. To experience this full, authentic teeter in cinematic form, you would need to dig up Caveh Zahedi's *A Little Stiff*. Failing that, you can still get a lot of sardonic pleasure, plus maybe a little too much resolution, from *Art School Confidential*.

Reuniting director Terry Zwigoff and writer Daniel Clowes (whose first collaboration was the incomparable *Ghost World*), *Art School Confidential* follows whey-faced, virginal Jerome (Max Minghella) through his first semester in downtown New York. He falls, no doubt hopelessly, for the reigning art-gallery queen and life-study model (Sophia Myles). He recoils at, and yet is drawn to, a reclusive older artist steeped in slivovitz and failure (Jim Broadbent, evoking memories of poor, doomed Charles in Zwigoff's *Crumb*). He struggles to find meaning in the posturing of his teachers (notably John Malkovich, playing a fellow who is proud to have spent a quarter-century learning to paint triangles) and thrashes about trying to impress them. The more he thrashes, the worse his work gets. Maybe this material isn't entirely fresh, but Zwigoff delivers it with the snap of a quick punch to the face—which is, in fact, the first image in the film, and a model for innumerable excellent sight gags to follow.

Less snappy, unfortunately, is the campus murder mystery, which supplies the film with suspense, excitement, development, structure—everything an art student doesn't need. The more this plot takes over, the more it turns Jerome into a neatly contained symbolic figure, despite his supposed late-semester breakup. I didn't mind, much. However conventional the murder mystery, Jerome is still left weeping near the end, heartbroken that the gallery queen doesn't love him and baffled that no one admires the careful, detailed portrait he's made. It looks exactly like her.

Searching for a term adequate to describe Park Chanwook's *Lady Vengeance*—a film that begins with Korean carolers, dressed as Santas, performing a country gospel tune, and ends with the cries of terrified children and a visit from a ghost—I reach for my James Joyce and choose "collideorscape." What else to call this mad jumble of overhead shots, pop-in-the-face close-ups, slanting perspectives and faux TV-news footage, this fireworks burst of scattered time frames and points of view, this Grand Guignol joke that turns into a women-behind-bars thriller that turns into a deadly serious

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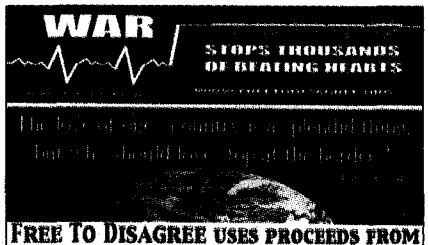

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morality play? A collideorscape it is, and a very fine one.

Angel-faced Lee Yeong-ae stars as the title character, newly paroled after serving some thirteen years in prison for kidnapping and murdering a small boy. Her intentions upon release are murky—but judging by the way she slaps on her dark glasses, after telling the evangelist who sprang her to go screw himself, she must be planning something outside the range of the godly. By the end, she hasn't recovered her reputation as a prison-house saint, but neither does she qualify any longer for her cellmates' nickname, The Witch. This transformation no doubt helps to explain why *Lady Vengeance* is currently the movie of choice among intelligent young women. The rest of the explanation? Sheer aesthetic bliss.

Dressed in respectable suits and ties, the men stand clustered in a spare and shuttered room, arguing over how best to kill the figure cowering against the wall. They can't shoot him—the neighbors would hear. They can't stab him—they have no knife. They'll just have to figure out how to strangle him. This distasteful task takes a long time and entails some bickering, but it must be done. The victim is a traitor; and the killers, who in another movie might have been gangsters, are the French Resistance.

You may take this tough, adrenaline-charged, utterly uncompromising scene as typical of Jean-Pierre Melville's *Army of Shadows*. Based on Joseph Kessel's 1943 book of the same title, the classic insider's account of the French Resistance, the film was a labor of both love and conscience for Melville, who had been a member of the Resistance. Featuring an exceptional cast—Lino Ventura, Simone Signoret, Paul Meurisse, Jean-Pierre Cassel—and an epic running time, *Army of Shadows* ranks high among the works of this remarkable filmmaker. Yet after its 1969 release in France, the film found no distribution in the United States—perhaps because its vision of the Resistance, though gripping, is also thoroughly unheroic.

Now Rialto Pictures, the company that successfully reissued Melville's *Bob Le Flambeur* and *Le Cercle Rouge*, has arranged for the first US theatrical release of *Army of Shadows*, in a restored print. It has just opened at New York's Film Forum and will soon be playing around the country. There is nothing more to say, except "Go." ■

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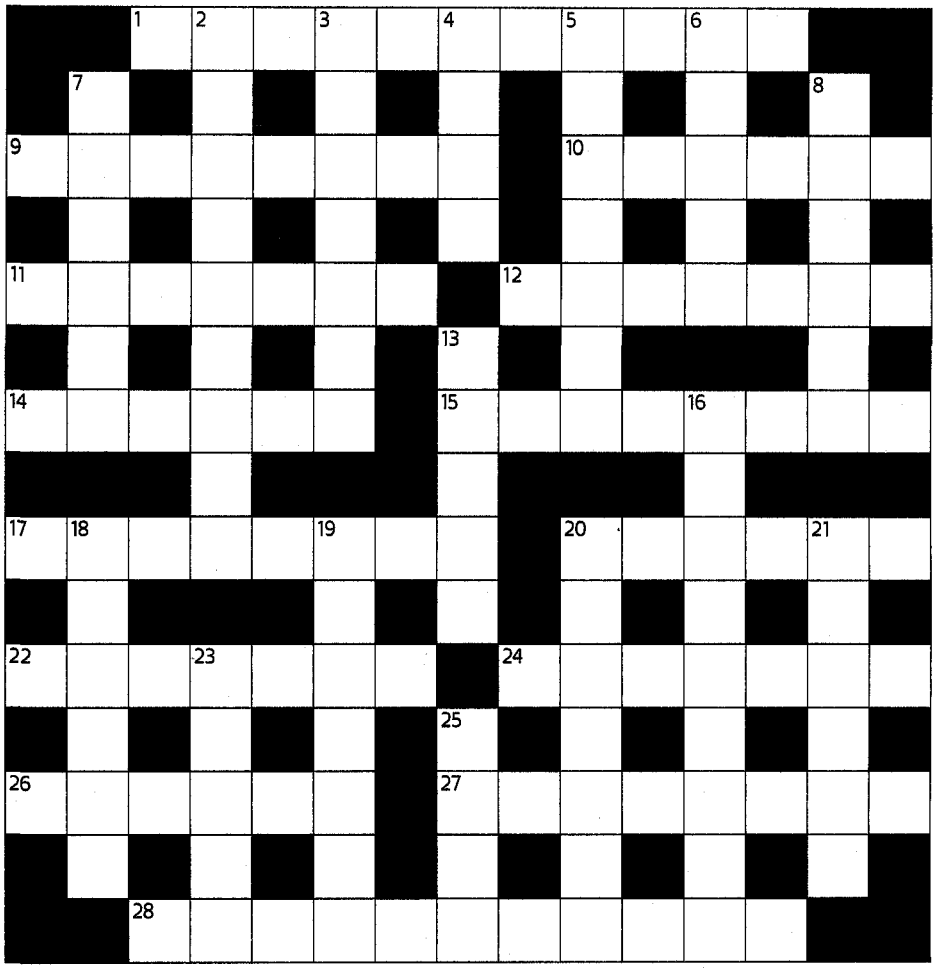

ACROSS

1 People with a burning desire to do their stuff have to perhaps pay (*sic*) the early Latin type contained therein. (11)

9 How cyclists sometimes proceed in the effect of the sun on a small party. (2,6)

10 When filled up with things, one sometimes says this is this, which is no huge problem. (6)

11 Restraining something along the edge of the pavement? (7)

12 A patron of France takes a chair back, having a bad end. (2,5)

14 What they do in the park one day, according to Floradora. (6)

15 See 6 down

17 Said back to Pa, or otherwise people were scattered in it. (8)

20 and **25** down Be no different, but it could be the limb is damaged by it. (6,4)

22 People might be put out if they are. Give them 500, and make them sad! (7)

24 One who thinks he's a superman at least gets a large bang out of it. (3,4)

26 In near circumstances, it could be operatic. (6)

27 Where to find some down-slope skiers escaping. (2,3,3)

28 Pull! Try! We've messed it up, but it's nicely phrased. (4,4,3)

DOWN

2 They come out annually with a scary word in the old-fashioned boats that carried what sounds like pears. (9)

3 For example, first it is spoken around a lot of noise. (7)

4 The weapons of Mars? (4)

5 One doesn't move much with it, i.e., train routing might be called for. (7)

6 and **15** across Shut up the house—things might be pressing at this. (5,8)

7 People say it's sometimes added to 18, like the slap of a glove. (6)

8 Not so pretty, like a falsehood when the carpet is rolled around it. (6)

13 It's likely to start a squabble, but some like to dine on it. (5)

16 Worn for an important occasion by Henri's brother Theodore, initially? (9)

18 Added to 7—which might involve a 20 across and 25, in a dozen people you could find trying. (6)

19 Take a chair and follow someone's orders about it—providing a weighty problem. (7)

20 With ribs that get 20 across, a good deal comes up in this fashion, according to the ship-shape type. (7)

21 An important book concerning the scattering. (6)

23 Quit getting a good round number, as the Romans said, with no difficulty. (5)

25 See 20 across

PUZZLED? No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules" send for those of Mr. Lewis to: Puzzled, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003, or access our website at www.thenation.com/about/crossword.mhtml.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3034

A	F	T	E	R	T	H	E	■	D	E	L	U	G	E
N	■	U	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	N	■	C
I	S	S	U	E	■	C	A	N	A	L	E	T	T	O
M	■	C	■	L	■	K	■	E	■	A	■	I	■	N
A	V	A	R	I	C	E	■	M	U	R	I	L	L	O
L	■	R	■	N	■	R	■	I	■	G	■	■	■	M
■	C	O	R	G	I	S	■	A	D	E	L	P	H	I
C	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	Y	■	C
R	E	A	C	H	E	S	■	C	R	I	N	G	E	■
A	■	■	■	E	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	M	■	C
C	H	A	G	R	I	N	■	D	E	S	P	A	I	R
K	■	R	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	U	■	L	■	I
E	Y	E	S	T	R	A	I	N	■	L	A	I	R	S
R	■	N	■	I	■	Y	■	Z	■	A	■	O	■	I
S	E	A	R	C	H	■	W	A	R	R	A	N	T	S

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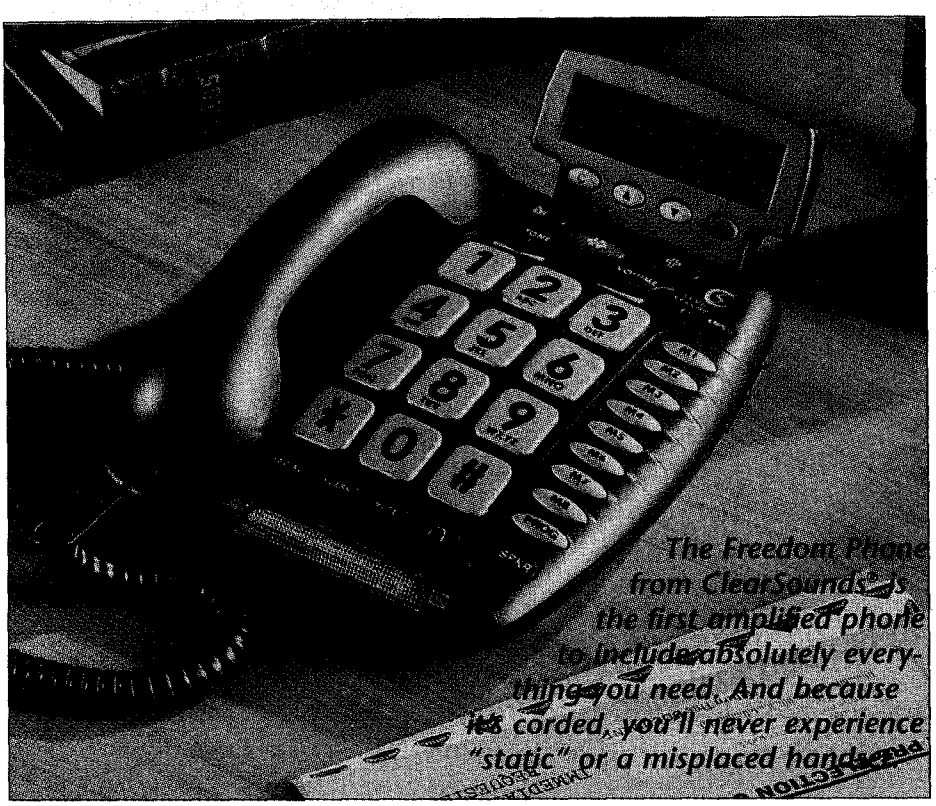
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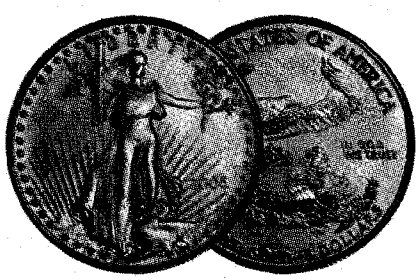

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